HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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CONTENTS.

I. The Atlantic Telegraph, with a beautiful Illustration.
II. Editorials.
III. The Lounger.
IV. The Pei-ho Forts, in China, with two Illustrations, from Sketches made on Board the United States Steamer "Mississippi."
V. My First-Born.
VI. Victoria, Vancouver's Island, with a fine Illustration.
VII. The Cricket Match between Canada and the United States, played at Hoboken August 2, 3, and 4, with a graphic Illustration.
VIII. Literary.
IX. Domestic Intelligence.
X. Foreign News.
XI. The Atlantic Telegraph Expedition—two magnificent Illustrations.
XII. Pet Worms.
XIII. Down by the Grange.
XIV. Dream Spinning.
XV. Mrs. Doctor Blackwell.
XVI. Little Good-for-Nothing.—*Concluded.*
XVII. Robbery—Old and New Style—a fine Illustration.
XVIII. Female Employment—a Cigar Factory in Liverpool—with an Illustration.
XIX. Miscellany.
XX. Things Wise and Otherwise.
XXI. Comicalities.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

At length we have the extreme pleasure of congratulating the public on the accomplishment of the great problem of the age—the laying of the Transatlantic Telegraph cable. As might have been expected, the news of so momentous an event, coming long after every one had despaired and almost ceased to think on the subject, sent an unexampled thrill throughout the length and breadth of the land. From Quebec to New Orleans people are bursting with excitement and joy.

This is the time to place on record, for future reference, a few memoranda of the history of this unexampled enterprise.

Five years ago a few merchants of New York, Cyrus W. Field, Moses Taylor, Peter Cooper, Wilson G. Hunt, Marshall O. Roberts, etc., together with the famous inventor of the electric telegraph, Professor Morse, came to the conclusion that a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic was a possibility. Wires had already been laid across the British Channel from Dover to Calais and Ostend, and were working satisfactorily. Projects were on foot to lay cables from England to Holland, across the Mediterranean, and through other seas, rivers, and straits of Europe. Electric communication under water being thus shown to be possible, Professor Morse, and the other scientific men who were consulted by the projectors of the scheme, gave it as their opinion that the extent of wire to be traversed would make no perceptible difference—that if the fluid could be transmitted through ten miles of submerged wire, it could also be transmitted through a thousand.

The principle thus established, the New York merchants went about their work with the methodical energy and perseverance characteristic of their class. They obtained charters and exclusive rights from the Legislatures of the British colonies through which the wire would pass. From Newfoundland they secured an annual grant of money and the exclusive right, for a term of fifty years, to land a transatlantic cable on the shores of the island. They then proceeded to connect the system of telegraphs on American soil with Newfoundland. In the laying of the Newfoundland cable they met with their first mishap. In a terrible storm the safety of the vessel engaged required that the cable should be cut; and when the insurance was claimed the London underwriters raised futile objections. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who at this time, as Vice-President, became the head and front of the Company, grappled with this preliminary difficulty with characteristic energy. He ordered a new cable, and chartered a new steamer; then calmly printed in the American newspapers an account of his controversy with the underwriters, *with their names.* This had the desired effect. In a few months a new cable was safely laid, the insurance was paid, and every thing was in progress for the great experiment.

Application was then made to the Governments of the United States and of Great Britain for a subsidy and aid in laying the cable. It was met with prompt liberality. Each Government agreed to pay $70,000 a year for the use of the submarine telegraph, and to lend national steamers to lay the cable. Through this liberality the Company was enabled to devote its capital to the manufacture of the best wire that could be made. The core, or conductor, is composed, like that of the Gulf cable, of seven copper wires wound together in the same manner. The protecting wires are made into strands, each composed of seven of the best charcoal iron wires. The aggregate length of the smaller wires required in the manufacture of one mile of the cable is one hundred and twenty-six miles, and as there were three thousand miles provided for the attempt last summer, the whole cable was consequently composed of three hundred and seventy-eight thousand miles of this wire. The weight of this cable is 1860 lbs. to the mile, and its strength such that it will bear six miles of its length suspended in water.

It was on 7th August, 1857, that the first telegraph squadron left Valentia Bay, Ireland, to lay the cable. The melancholy failure of that expedition is thus described:

"On the sixth day from the landing of the cable—the 11th of August—the accident occurred which put an end to the undertaking for that year. About four o'clock in the morning the cable on board the *Niagara* parted in over 2000 fathom water. The cause of the calamity was the application of the brakes at a time when it was almost fatal to use them. There was a pretty heavy swell on, and, as usual under such circumstances, the stern of the vessel was elevated or depressed as she rose on each wave. It was while her stern was down that the brakes were put on, so that in addition to the strain produced by its rising again, the cable had to bear an additional strain of three thousand pounds, as marked upon the indicator. This was more than it could bear, and the consequence was that it parted, as has been stated. The moment the brakes were used the wheels stopped, and when the stern rose again they remained immovable, so that between the strain brought upon the cable by the vessel and that caused by the application of the brakes, it had to bear more than it was ever calculated to sustain. The indicator showed a strain of three thousand pounds; but it is impossible to calculate the strain by which it was broken. Had the brake not been applied, there is no doubt whatever that the cable would have remained perfect to the end, unless very great stress of weather had rendered it necessary to cut it."

A consultation was held among the engineers, and the amount of cable remaining proving too short, in their opinion, to warrant the renewal of the attempt, the vessels returned to Ireland. Disappointment No. 2.

And now many sagacious persons saw that the thing was "a humbug," and could not succeed. Dissension—the child of Disappointment—had crept in among the projectors. The Englishmen were jealous of the Americans, and the Americans were jealous of the Englishmen. Each engineer knew that the wire might have been laid but for his colleague's stupidity. Telegraph stock went down tremendously.

Not so the hopes or the spirits of Cyrus W.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Field and his brave associates. Their only notice of the disappointment was to order fresh wire. And let us do the Governments justice. They never flinched from their share of the enterprise. At the very first proposal of a fresh attempt the British Government granted the Company the use of the ships it had had the year before, and when it was told them that the United States Government could not give the *Susquehanna*, they agreed to furnish a tender to the *Niagara* likewise. Nothing could be more enlightened or more noble than the conduct of the British Government to the Telegraph Company. Thus fortified, Mr. Field and his associates were enabled, as before, to spend all their means on the wire, and to order a quantity which left a third over for waste.

After due consultation it was decided that, as the only chance of accident arose from the possibility of foul weather, the least risk would be run by laying the cable, as was at first contemplated, simultaneously from both vessels, the splice being made in mid ocean. The *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* accordingly started on 10th June, 1858, from Plymouth, to rendezvous in mid ocean. On the way they met with a storm of unusual fury—so terrible a gale that even the safety of the *Agamemnon* was jeopardized, and officers and men were wearied out with their exertions. The *Niagara*, in justice to her dead builder be it said, rode the gale not only without injury, but without inconvenience. The reader will find on page 521 an admirable illustration of this fearful storm, with the *Agamemnon* plunging heavily through the waves.

When the vessels met the splice was made, and on 26th June the two vessels parted, each with her share of the wire. Unfortunately, owing to a blunder on the part of one of the *Niagara's* men, the cable caught in her machinery and parted, after a trifle over two miles had been paid out. The accident was at once discovered on board the *Agamemnon;* the two vessels were brought together again, a fresh splice made, and a new start taken on the same day. This time the vessels ran upward of forty miles before the cable parted. When it did so, according to the understanding, both vessels returned to the rendezvous in mid ocean, and a third splice was effected. The squadron started afresh on 28th June. For about twenty-five hours the operation of paying out the cable was perfect, and the signals from ship to ship uninterrupted. But at 9 P.M. of 29th, the electricians on board the *Niagara* announced that no signals were coming from the *Agamemnon*. The *Niagara* lay to till midnight, being anchored by the cable in water two miles in depth. Additional strain was then put on, to ascertain how much the cable would bear, until it parted. The *Niagara* then made the best of her way to Queenstown, where the *Agamemnon*, which had cruised five days in the neighborhood of the mid ocean rendezvous in the hope of meeting her consort, joined her on 13th July.

On the announcement of this second failure the public throughout Europe and America gave up all hopes of the success of the enterprise. Leading journals both in this country and in Europe proved conclusively that the wire could not be laid, and sympathized feelingly with the infatuated persons who had embarked their means in so absurd a scheme. The community at large ceased to think about the subject. It was known that the company was not ruined. It had nearly 2500 miles of cable left to lay over a space not exceeding 1950 miles. But the prestige of disaster hung heavy upon them, and people would not take further interest in their efforts.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field and his associates, with that obstinacy which other races so deeply deplore in the Anglo-Saxon, refused to acknowledge themselves beaten, and proceeded to renew their endeavors. They left Queenstown once more, on the 17th of July, to make one final effort to lay the cable. The result of their attempt can not be so well given in any words of ours as in the graphic but simple dispatch which Mr. Field, on his arrival at Trinity Bay, hastened to send to the Associated Press of the United States:

"Trinity Bay, *August* 5, 1858.

"To the Associated Press, New York,—The Atlantic Telegraph fleet sailed from Queenstown on Saturday, July 17; met at mid ocean on Wednesday, the 28th, and made the splice at 1 P.M. on Thursday, the 29th, and then separated—the *Agamemnon* and *Valorous* bound to Valentia, Ireland, and the *Niagara* and *Gorgon* for this place, where they arrived yesterday, and this morning the end of the cable will be landed.

"It is sixteen hundred and ninety-eight nautical or nineteen hundred and fifty statute miles from the Telegraph house at the head of Valentia harbor to the Telegraph house, Bay of Bull's Arm, Trinity Bay; and for more than two-thirds of this distance the water is over two miles in depth.

"The cable has been paid out from the *Agamemnon* at about the same speed as from the *Niagara*.

"The electrical signals sent and received through the whole cable are perfect.

"The machinery for paying out the cable worked in the most satisfactory manner, and was not stopped for a single moment from the time the splice was made until we arrived here.

"Captain Hudson, Messrs. Everett and Woodhouse, the engineers, the electricians and officers of the ships, and, in fact, every man on board the Telegraph fleet, has exerted himself to the utmost to make the expedition successful, and by the blessing of Divine Providence it has succeeded.

"After the end of the cable is landed and connected with the land line of telegraph, and the *Niagara* has discharged some cargo belonging to the Telegraph Company, she will go to St. Johns for coal, and then proceed at once to New York. Cyrus W. Field."

It might have been supposed that this would have silenced the croakers. Those who know Mr. Field were well aware that he was not the man to say the enterprise "has succeeded" so long as there was a doubt on the subject. But our honest friend, Everybody, wanted to know whether the *Agamemnon* had landed her end of the cable. Even when, on the following day, the *Herald's* special correspondent telegraphed from Trinity Bay to say positively that the *Agamemnon* was then landing the cable, the lineal descendants of St. Thomas were still unbelievers. It was not till Saturday that the following dispatch from Mr. Field set the question at rest:

"Trinity Bay, *August* 7, 1858.

"The Atlantic Telegraph cable was successfully landed here yesterday morning, and is in perfect order.

"The *Agamemnon* has landed her end of the cable, and we are now receiving signals from the Telegraph house at Valentia."

The croakers are in a bad way. A few still maintain that though the wire is laid it will not work; what they will be reduced to do or to say when Hughes's instruments get to work, and the Queen's message comes over the wire, it is hard to guess.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 14, 1858.

EFFECTS OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Now that the Atlantic Telegraph is an accomplished fact, the question which seems to vex the public mind most sorely is—What effects will it produce on international relations, on trade, on society at large? The best answer to this query may perhaps be obtained by studying the effects which ocean steam navigation produced. In its way, the navigation of the Atlantic by steam caused almost as decided a revolution as can be wrought by the telegraph. It brought us fifteen days nearer to Europe, and immensely increased our intercourse with that continent. This is precisely what the ocean wire will do.

In the first place, then, is there any reason to suppose, as many do, that the wire will prove an invincible peace-maker—that we have heard the last of wars? Looking at the history of this country and of Europe for twenty years previous to ocean steam navigation, and for the twenty years which have elapsed since the *Sirius* made her successful voyage, one is forced to admit that the latter period has not been less fruitful of disputes than the former. (It is true that, in the course of the general progress and growth of this country, interests have sprung up since 1838 which did not exist before, and with them opportunities of quarrel; but this development is still going on, and the opportunities will naturally thicken as the United States expand.) Historical records bear witness that steam navigation did not prevent our quarreling with foreign nations, but that since ocean steamers were established we have quarreled more than ever. If, then, the analogy between steamers and telegraphs be sound, it will not do to expect an era of perpetual peace.

Thus much of quarrels. Between a quarrel and a war there is the space between an insult and a homicide. That the telegraph wire may prove an additional barrier against a war with Great Britain there is much reason to believe. But, in truth, no fresh barrier is needed. The establishment of a monarchy in the United States is not more impossible than a war with Great Britain. Both nations are thoroughly satisfied that it would be cheaper and better for each to take two hundred millions of gold and a hundred thousand able-bodied men and drown them in the deepest part of the Atlantic, than to go to war with each other. The telegraph wire can hardly intensify a sentiment so fixed.

As to trade. Before the establishment of ocean steamers the trade between the United States and Great Britain was highly speculative. No one knew when or where the latest news might arrive; weeks sometimes elapsed without arrivals bringing later intelligence. Those were the days when fortunes were made by surprisingly lucky hits in cotton or breadstuffs; when hundreds of thousands were realized by a successful monopoly of late news, and orders dispatched far and wide by trusty messengers on fleet horses. It was exciting; it was delightful—to the lucky; but it was uncommonly like gambling. Ocean steam navigation changed all this. Regular arrivals from Europe with late news deprived the bold speculators of their best opportunity to make fortunes; the land telegraphs killed the express and fleet horse business. It is reasonable to expect that the ocean wire will operate in like manner. A great portion of the speculative business in cotton, breadstuffs, and stocks is predicated upon "the next news from Europe;" the great fluctuations in these kinds of property are usually caused by unexpected news from the other side. This agency will now cease. Our markets will pulsate simultaneously with those of Europe. They will naturally become more sensitive; we shall probably see cotton move on the news of a rising at Madrid, or Central fall on a ministerial crisis in Turkey; but the fluctuations will be more gradual. Business will become more uniform and safer.

That ocean steam navigation has tended to enlarge the social mind of the peoples of Great Britain and of the United States no one will be inclined to dispute. It has helped the two nations to know each other better, to get rid of ignorant prejudices, to share each other's progress. A volume would be required to describe the benefits which each nation has conferred on the other—through the agency of steam navigation—in respect of new inventions alone. This mutually-improving process will be further developed by the telegraph. Hourly intercourse with Europe will familiarize us with the progress of the European mind, and efface the last remains of provincialism here. Regular morning and evening bulletins from the United States will open the eyes of Europe to the real state of society here, and will dispel that ignorance and prejudice which to this day disgrace so many enlightened Europeans. It is said that one of the most sagacious statesmen of continental Europe has been from the first opposed to the telegraph; he foresaw that regular announcements of the working of our system of self-government would exercise no small effect on the popular mind of Germany and France.

SHALL THE TRADE IN SCANDAL BE FREE?

One Stephen H. Branch, somewhat known in this city, has, during the past week, been tried and convicted of publishing a libel on Peter Cooper, Mayor Tiemann, and others, for which he has been sent to Blackwell's Island Penitentiary for twelve months. There is no question but the statement published by Branch was a foul, false, malicious, and disgraceful libel. Yet certain newspapers express commiseration for his fate; and an ex-Alderman, together with several other citizens, accompanied him to his prison, as though he had been a martyr.

The question involved between these sympathizers with Branch and the great mass of the community, who deem him rightly punished, is simply this: Is any person to be allowed to publish false and scandalous stories about private citizens and their families or not? It is argued by those who feel for Branch—not that his libels were true or justifiable, or that he had any reason to suppose they were true, or that any good would result from their publication—but merely and simply that the libels in question were so gross, so absurd, and so preposterous, that they could do no harm to any one, and were therefore best let alone. These persons, in fact, pretend that Branch was so wretched and miserable a creature that it was taking undue notice of him to crush him out. It may well be doubted whether this contemptuous policy will stand the test of practice.

That Branch's libels were not so absurd as to be unworthy of notice is shown by the fact that over two thousand persons bought and paid for them. The appetite for scandal in every large city will, at least for a time, sustain a libeler who panders judiciously to it. Let a newspaper announce a full and true account of "the robbery of a bank by the Archbishop of New York," or "the scandalous intrigue between Mr. Buchanan and a lady of high rank," and thousands of people will be sure to have the curiosity to buy and read the tid-bit. Nor can it be pretended that the circulation of ever so absurd a scandal will be wholly innocuous to the party calumniated. With every respect for our fellow-creatures, we must say—and every observer of human nature will admit the fact—that the entire human race is not gifted with that fine discrimination which alone can separate vulgar scandal from truth. There will always be persons stupid enough to believe any story, however ridiculous, which throws discredit on living persons. And if, as in Branch's case, the calumny be built on a foundation of plausibility, the number of believers is likely to be very great.

What, then, is to be done? Shall private citizens sit down quietly while a vagabond is making a living by imputing villainies to their charge, and hundreds or thousands of dull people are believing them? No man can do so with self-respect. The party traduced has a choice of two remedies. He may shoot his vilifier, as they do in some parts of the South, or he may have him indicted, as is the practice here. If, indeed, he be a political personage, he may afford to despise the calumny; for misrepresentation and scurrilous abuse are the price every political man must expect to pay for fame. But why should private citizens like Mr. Cooper and his friends be expected to submit to be advertised as thieves and adulterers? They owe nothing to the public.

The friends of Branch may say what they like, but the sound sober judgment of the public will confirm the Recorder's sentence. Not alone on account of Branch's sins—though, really, society has been too long pestered by this cunning rogue, who, under the guise of madness, has offended the public nostril beyond endurance—but because he is the type and leader of a set of scamps who are only too ready to make a living by vilifying men's characters and traducing their wives and daughters. Society required an example: let Branch learn wisdom on Blackwell's Island.

A "*BLISTER*" FOR THE TRIBUNE.

It was generally supposed that the severe castigation lately administered to the proprietors of the New York *Tribune* for stealing Thackeray's Virginians from *Harper's Magazine*, while they meanly pretended to take it from a London copy, would have operated on their minds as a wholesome warning for the future. We, in common with others, sincerely hoped that the humiliating exposure which they underwent at our hands on that occasion would have taught them that, after all, there is some truth in the old adage about honesty being the best policy. Their moral conversion it was, perhaps, utopian to expect; but it was, we still think, reasonable to imagine that they would not in a hurry allow themselves to be caught again at such pitiful work. We grieve to say that our expectations have been disappointed. Like Peter Dawson himself, whom the disgrace of each arrest and sentence only hardens, the proprietors of the *Tribune* have again been detected in the act of appropriating the property of others, and impudently demanding from the public profit and credit for the larceny. The following letter will explain itself:

"New York, *Aug.* 9, 1858.

"*To the Editors of Harper's Weekly:*

"Gentlemen,—You are not unacquainted with the peculiar *penchant* of Greeley & Co., of the *Tribune*, for appropriating literary property to which they have no claim. They pilfered from early copies of *Harper's Magazine* several installments of Thackeray's Virginians, pretending to have derived them from another source. You set a trap for them, caught them, exposed them, and brought them to confession. I should have supposed after the crucifixion they received at your hands, that they would have kept their 'pickers and stealers' off the literary property of other men for the future. I was mistaken. They are at their dirty tricks again. On the 30th ultimo they published a quantity of matter from a book recently issued by me, and sent to them for review. The work in question is the 'American Horse-Tamer and Farrier,' a very valuable and elaborate treatise on the best method of curing wild and vicious horses, by Jeremiah Bentwright. Taking the very pith and marrow out of the book, they transferred it bodily to their columns, first *copyrighting their plunder* in 'the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.' Whoever takes the trouble to look at the *Tribune* of the 30th ultimo and to compare the article referred to with my book, will find that the language of the two (except here and there, where there has been some clumsy garbling) is identical. It will be found, also, that my book, written by Mr. Bentwright, is rechristened in the columns of the *Tribune*, 'The American Art of Taming Horses; originally Systematized and Practiced by John S. Rarey. Its history and different methods, etc.; being a complete compendium of all that is now known of the system.' Cool, is it not, this change of the names of both the book and the author? But the idea of *copyrighting the imposture* caps the climax of human impudence.

"The distinguished sticklers for authors' and publishers' rights, who have thus stultified themselves, promise another article in continuation and conclusion of the first, and will, I presume, transfer the *whole* of Mr. Bentwright's treatise to their columns. Unfortunately it is not copyrighted, as it ought to have been, and therefore, I suppose, the author and publisher can not obtain legal redress; but I think it will be conceded, on all hands, that the proceeding, in its moral aspect, is a disgrace to the parties concerned, and gives the lie direct and circumstantial to the sentiments they have so often professed in relation to the protection of literary property from literary pirates.

"I trust that if any of the country papers copy the articles from Greeley's journal they will *also* copy this letter, as I am as anxious as Greeley & Co. can be that the '*proper* credit' should be 'given to the *Tribune*.'

"I am, Gentlemen, yours, etc.,

"George Holbrook."

We find, on examination, that Mr. Holbrook's statement is not in the least exaggerated. A very large proportion of the paper published by the *Tribune*, under the title of "The American Art of Taming Horses, originally Systematized and Practiced by John S. Rarey"—and the only part thereof that is not commonplace and useless—is copied *verbatim* from "The American Horse-Tamer and Farrier," by Jeremiah Bentwright, published by George Holbrook. We have only space to collate the beginning of a few paragraphs, to which we take the liberty of prefixing extracts from an editorial article in the *Tribune* of 30th July, the paper in which the theft was committed:

THE PRACTICE OF HORSE-TAMING.

From the New York Tribune, which "is the means of bringing this invaluable art to the knowledge of the public."	*From J. Bentwright's book, sent to the Tribune office for review.*
"The one principle which you must establish firmly in your mind, and which is so essential in horse-taming that it is almost the corner-stone of the theory, is the law of kindness. Next to kindness you must have patience, and next to patience indomitable perseverance," etc.	"There is one principle that you must establish firmly in your mind, and it is so essential in horse-taming that it is almost the corner-stone of the theory—that is, the Law of Kindness. Next to kindness, you must have patience, and next to patience, indomitable perseverance," etc.

And so on, in the very same words, in the *Tribune* and in Bentwright's book, to the end of the paragraph.

HOW TO HARNESS THE COLT.

From the New York Tribune, for which "it was prepared exclusively by an intelligent and skillful professor."	*From J. Bentwright's work, sent to the Tribune office for review.*
"You should, by all means, have your harness made to fit your horse, especially the collar. Hundreds of horses have been spoiled by collars that do not fit as they should. A little attention to this matter beforehand will facilitate your progress very much. Take your harness into the stable," etc.	"You should, by all means, have your harness made to fit your horse, especially the collar. Hundreds of horses have been spoiled by collars that do not fit as they should. A little attention to this matter beforehand will facilitate your progress very much. Take your harness into the stable," etc.

And so on, in the very same words, in the *Tribune* and in Bentwright's book, to the end of the paragraph.

TO HITCH UP THE COLT.

From the New York Tribune, which, Rarey's secret being disclosed, "proceeds to lay before its readers a complete account of his system."	*From J. Bentwright's work, sent to the Tribune office to be reviewed.*
"This should be done with great caution, first letting him examine the buggy or sulky in his own way of examining objects; then carefully hitch him up; having every thing safe, let him start the buggy empty, and pull that at first in that way; then get in, and let him take it slow, and he will not be near so apt to scare, and by degrees you will be making a good work-beast," etc.	"This should be done with great caution, first letting him examine the buggy or sulky in his own way of examining objects; then carefully hitch him up; having every thing safe, let him start the buggy empty, and pull that at first in that way; then get in, and let him take it slow, and he will not be near so apt to scare, and by degrees you will be making a good work-beast," etc.

And so on, as before.

HOW TO SUBDUE A KICKING HORSE.

From the New York Tribune, which "has had the article copyrighted, to prevent its being printed by speculators."	*From J. Bentwright's work, sent to the Tribune office to be reviewed.*
"A kicking horse is the worst kind of a horse to undertake to subdue, and more dreaded by man than any other; indeed, it would not be too much to say that they are more dreaded than all the other bad and vicious horses put together. You often hear the expression, even from horse-jockeys themselves, 'I don't care what he does, so he doesn't kick.' Now," etc.	"A kicking horse is the worst kind of a horse to undertake to subdue, and more dreaded by man than any other; and I do not think that it would be too much to say, that they are more dreaded than all the other bad and vicious horses put together. You often hear the expression, even from horse-jockeys themselves, 'I don't care what he does, so he don't kick.' Now," etc.

And so on, as before.

HOW TO BREAK A HORSE FROM SCARING.

From the New York Tribune, to which "news-dealers are requested to send their orders for the article at once."	*From J. Bentwright's work, sent to the Tribune office to be reviewed.*
"It is an established rule in philosophy, that there is not an effect without a cause, and if so, there must be some cause for the scaring of a horse. The horse scares either from imagination or from pain. Now, it is a law of his nature, that if you will convince him that any object will not hurt him," etc.	"It is an established rule in philosophy, that there is not an effect without a cause, and if so, there must be some cause for the scaring of a horse. The horse scares either from imagination or from pain. Now, it is a law of his nature, that if you will convince him that any object will not hurt him," etc.

And so on, as before.

HOW TO LEARN A HORSE TO FOLLOW YOU.

From the article in the New York Tribune, "entered, according to Act of Congress, by Horace Greeley & Co., in the Clerk's office," etc.	*From J. Bentwright's work, sent to the Tribune office to be reviewed.*
"Take him into a large stable or shed, take hold of the bridle or halter with your left hand, have a long switch or whip in your right, after caressing him a little put your right hand over his shoulder with the whip extending back so that you can touch him up with the whip applied gently around his hind legs. Start him up a little, give him a gentle tap with the whip," etc.	"Take him into a large stable or shed, take hold of the bridle or halter with your left hand, have a long switch or whip in your right, after caressing him a little put your right hand over his shoulder with the whip extending back so that you can touch him up with the whip applied gently around his hind legs. Start him up a little, give him a gentle tap with the whip," etc.

And so on, as before.

HOW TO TEACH A HORSE TO STAND WITHOUT HITCHING.

From the New York Tribune, which graciously concedes to its contemporaries the right of "copying the whole or part" of the article.	*From J. Bentwright's work, sent to the New York Tribune office to be reviewed.*
"After you have taught your horse to follow you, stand him in the center of the stable, begin at his head to gentle him, gradually working backward. If he moves, give him a gentle cut with the whip, and put him back in the same spot from which he started. If he stands, caress him as before," etc.	"After you have learned your horse to follow you, stand him in the center of the stable, begin at his head to gentle him, gradually working backward. If he moves, give him a gentle cut with the whip, and put him back in the same spot from which he started. If he stands, caress him as before," etc.

And so on, as before.

ON BALKING.

From the New York Tribune, which insists that those who copy shall "give proper credit to the Tribune."	*From J. Bentwright's work, sent to the Tribune office to be reviewed.*
"If you have balky horses, it is your fault and not the horses'; for if they do not pull true, there is some cause for it, and if you will remove the cause the effect will cease. "When your horse balks, he is excited, and," etc.	"If you have balky horses, it is your fault and not the horses'; for if they do not pull true, there is some cause for it, and if you will remove the cause, the effect will cease. "When your horse balks, he is excited, and," etc.

And so on, as before, in the very same words, in both the *Tribune* and Bentwright, to the end of that subject.

Mr. Bentwright, and his publisher, Mr. Holbrook, whether from liberality or carelessness we know not, omitted to copyright their book. The *Tribune* supplied the deficiency. It stole the contents, and copyrighted the plunder. We submit that there is nothing in the whole annals of piracy that can compare with the act of a newspaper editor who, receiving for review a work not copyrighted, appropriates the contents, assumes the authorship, copyrights the stolen property, and brazenly requests the press and the public to give him credit for his dexterity and enterprise. Mr. Daniel Carpenter's Rogues' Gallery certainly cannot yet be considered complete.

THE LOUNGER.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

EVEN Loungers were startled by the news of Friday. The sermons of jubilation may now be preached. The speeches of the Irish Lord-Lieutenant have now, after lying over as waste eloquence for a year, grown into historical importance. The great event of modern times has fallen in our fortunate day, and the continents shake hands. It is perhaps the only contemporary circumstance of vast importance upon which every intelligent man in Christendom will congratulate every other.

There is but one way, of course, for this great city to manifest its sense of the grandeur of the result. It is a way which is consecrated by our most sacred traditions.

NEW YORK MUST GIVE A PUBLIC DINNER TO CYRUS W. FIELD.

All the great orators of every part of the country, and of every shade of opinion, should be heard at this—not national festival—but Jubilee of Civilization.

And the Lounger humbly suggests that the mothers, and sisters, and wives, and daughters, who share the universal satisfaction, shall also share the feast which celebrates it, and not be put off into galleries, and behind doors and window-blinds, with the compliment of a last toast.

TWO MILLIONS.

THE great literary success of the last year was the poem "Nothing to Wear," which originally appeared in the *Weekly* for January 7, 1857. It was one of those occasions on which a man wakes up one morning to great fame. A trenchant, felicitous satire, it was yet so sagacious, so sensible, and tender, that it was more than a *jeu d'esprit*, it was an addition to literature. After some amusing and surprising controversy, it was conceded on all sides that the author wrote it—a question which, in the cases of Homer and Shakespeare, is not yet decided to the satisfaction of every body. Having settled who wrote it, every body addressed themselves to the next question—Can he write any thing else? The Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College put this question pointedly to Mr. Butler, and he has answered it to their satisfaction and to that of all the world. His new poem, "Two Millions," is a more carefully elaborated performance, of the same general character. It is another canto in the "epic of to-day," full of point and pith, and permeated all through with a generous and genial humanity. Many of the most famous satires in literature are personal attacks, spear-tips of polished poison. But the best do not strike for individuals, nor avenge individual wrongs, but defend mankind from their own passions and errors. Among such satirists the author of "Nothing to Wear" and "Two Millions" takes his place. Long may he sit upon his throne and scatter his shining arrows!

MORAL MORNINGS.

"RESPECTED MR. LOUNGER,—I am very fond of music—so are my family. I may humbly say that I hope and believe we have some small talent for it. My oldest daughter plays the piano; my second, the harp; and I accompany them upon the trombone. I am assured that our performances are not altogether indifferent, but, on the contrary, our neighbors manifest a very lively interest in them. I am very much opposed to the theatre, and, consequently, to the Opera, which is performed in a play-house; so are my family. I may humbly say that we hope and believe the theatre to be the open door of the pit (I do not refer to the parquette). But it is sad that the works of the opera-composers are only to be heard in such a place. In fact, we have very little chance to hear good music adequately performed by reason of our objections to entering the play-house. Miss Jenny Lind we heard, of course; also Mrs. Sontag, who sang to the clergymen, Sunday-schools, and ladies one pleasant Saturday morning.

"But most of all were we grateful to Mr. Thalberg, the great pianist, who charmed us all last year, and who established the moral mornings at Dodsworth's Hall and elsewhere. You may remember that the price of tickets was high; but the first consideration was the morality of the audience. Tickets were to be sold only to persons of the most exemplary and unexceptionable character. It was a lovely thought. It was indeed beautiful. It was the homage of art to virtue. Ah! Mr. Thalberg was not only an artist in music—he was an artist in virtue! How comely and quiet!—do you remember, Sir?—how cool and self-possessed! I can see him now as he makes that well-considered bow to the audience before seating himself to allow the crystal notes to leap from his limpid fingers. I am still at a loss, Sir, to say which I most admired—the morality of those mornings or the music. Scarcely in the most fashionable church would one be in a more virtuous selection of fellow-creatures. Selina, my second, recalls with fondness the liberal lackeys, with liveries, and legs, and sponge cake. Melissa suggests chocolate and ices to complete the charming picture. Indeed, Sir, it was all respectability, hot coffee, music, and virtue. Heart, soul, mind, and sense were satisfied. Often, of an evening, my girls and I renew upon piano, harp, and trombone the felicity of those occasions. I hope I may humbly add that I trust our morality does no injustice to the model.

"Now—pardon my delay, Sir—what I want to know is, why we can not have some more? Where is Mr. Thalberg? At the West or in the South? Tell us, Sir, at any rate. Selina and Melissa are both urgent. Tell us if he still continues to give the moral mornings. Has he, perhaps, taken that institution to Saratoga or Newport? And yet I know that, wherever he goes, the moral morning goes with him.

"More, Mr. Lounger, more! Let us have more music, and morals, and morning.

"Your respectful and hopeful servant,

"PUDGE DRABFLAP."

—The Lounger having replied to Mr. Drabflap that he had recently heard very little of the great pianist, receives the following with the request that he make it public:

Information Wanted.

ONE copy of Thalberg's fantasia upon *Don Giovanni* will be presented to any person who will give notice of the whereabouts of Mr. Thalberg and his moral mornings; or a copy of Moore's beautiful song, "Though 'tis all but a Dream at the best," for the M. M. alone. Apply by letter, post paid, *on any week day*, to

DEACON PUDGE DRABFLAP,
at the S.W. Spit.

How many a lover, on land and by the sea, is singing this song which a poet sings to the Lounger:

THE PARTING.

I.

The kiss still lingers on my lips
She softly gave at parting;
Still in my hand I hold the hand
Which spoke, when tears were starting.

II.

Yes, sweetly trembles on my lips
The kiss she parting gave;
'Twill linger there until I die,
And thrill me in the grave!

III.

And still I press the answering hand
That through that silence spoke,
When hearts, like surges on the strand,
Each on the other broke.

IV.

The carriage sinks behind the hill,
I watch until it fades;
And, sinking then, my widowed heart
Dissevering Fate upbraids.

V.

The picture, and the entreated curl,
The song, the flowers she brought,
Their value all is fled with her
From whom their charm was caught.

VI.

I will not press them to my heart,
Mementoes sweet and fair,
For still, whene'er I fold my arms,
'Tis my own Love is there!

VII.

Nor land nor sea, 'tween thee and me,
Oh, darling! us can part,
For far and farther may'st thou be,
Yet nearer still my heart!

STEALING NO THEFT.

A MELANCHOLY instance of hallucination, if not worse—if not, in fact, of entire abstraction—has lately fallen under the Lounger's attention. A young lady, hitherto considered entirely irreproachable, has been lately detected in the following extraordinary offenses. Whether the specious communism she inculcates or the sophistical extenuation of crime in which she indulges are most to be deplored the Lounger despairs of deciding. He commends this sad case to his correspondents, Timothy Redtop, Esq., and Deacon Drabflap. Might not a course of moral mornings be useful?

Pins, pens, and umbrellas are made for the *race*,
For the common delight and enjoyment,
And therefore it strikes me 'twould surely be base
To keep them for special employment.

This rule, every day makes us duly to feel
'Tis a law, and we would not repeal it;
But in *this* case, your pen being already steel,
I do not see how I can *steal* it.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—THE Lounger is charmed to find that the Gradgrind philosophers preserve a steady brain while the world shouts and reels with delight at the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph. They are prepared for all emergencies. If it does not succeed, the projectors were clearly insane. If it does, what's the use of it? The point and cogency of this reasoning are beyond praise. There is nothing like observing a prudent reserve in the midst of popular excitement.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—As the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph seems likely to be successful, and we shall be thereby debarred from smiling compassionately on 'the poor fellows who wasted time and money on so insane an enterprise,' will you permit me to ask you now, *what good this telegraph line will do?*

"Yours, contemplatively,
"AN OLD FOGY."

—"L. M. F." writes from St. Albans a note commencing indignantly:

"*To the Lounger.*

"I have just been exceedingly disgusted by the perusal of an article in the New York *Tribune* for the 21st inst. headed 'A Washington Romance,' which certainly deserves the name of 'romance,' if by that we understand the very extreme of exaggeration, or the total disregard of all truth, probability, and even *decency*.

"The *Tribune* has such a reputation for the talent and ability of its editorial corps, that it seems rather strange that it should stoop to regale (?) the minds of readers with such gossiping, unfeeling, vulgar stuff as that 'Washington Romance.'"

And ending thus:

"The motive for writing this appeal, Mr. Lounger, is solely that the affairs of private individuals are too often exposed to the public comment, to the infinite annoyance and pain of the parties concerned; and that it is time for some one to say something against it. And we feel, moreover, that the sympathies of all high-minded and well-bred people on this subject are with us.

"L. M. F."

This is strong language, but there can be no question of the tendency to unjustifiable personal gossip in newspapers and magazines. The case of Thackeray and Yates, of which the Lounger means to say a word next week, is strictly in point.

—The Lounger's friend "J. B." was fully answered by Mr. Timothy Redtop in his letter of last week. If J. B. has any reply to make to Mr. Redtop, he shall be heard if he be reasonably brief and pithy. The Lounger admits in Thackeray's drawings artistic imperfections, but certainly they are full of character.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I have just been reading Adolphus's pithy line and your comments in reply, about 'The Virginians.' I like your remarks, and I like the 'Virginians.' The thirty-sixth chapter, in the June number of the 'Magazine,' I think a very able piece of thought clad in purposely rough chosen language, and the characters are without doubt drawn to the life. But if I say this much of the text, what can I say about the author's illustrations? I won't say any thing, but refer you to that deplorable Dr. Johnson the 'Dictionary maker,' in the June number illustration. Do *you* like it? The conclusion I am led to is, that Thackeray is an admirable writer, but quite a second-rate artist. What do you think?

"But how is it, while so many talk of Thackeray, that so few mention my favorite Bulwer and *his* novel? Can it be, because the 'Virginians' has been the victim of the covetousness of the great *Tribune?* Bulwer truly has never attempted any thing in the artistic line, but his multifarious successes might lead one to look for his success, should he ever attempt it, even in this department. Truly, Riccobocca in the stocks would look famously pleasing, and The King Maker's sudden entrance into the church of Olney would be an admirable historic subject. Why will not the Colonial Secretary gratify us, if not with his own pencilings, at least by engaging some one else's? How would Cattermole do?

"Your friend, J. B.

"DARBY, Pennsylvania, *August*, 1858."

—The Lounger can not do better than commend the note of "H. N., JUN.," to the careful consideration of the venerated Ghost of Johnson:

"NEW ORLEANS, *July*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—How is it about those l's? What right has 'Johnson's Ghost,' or any other ghost, to exact of you *two* l's for 'every traveller,' or you to assent thereto? If you will take the trouble to look into 'Webster,' you will there see what the orthography of the word is. If you are like some of your venerable brethren, the 'knights of the goose-quill,' too poor to *own* a Webster, you might be able to purchase one from ——— ——— on a *slow note!*

Yours, orthographically,
"H. N., JUN."

—"Hath not a Jew eyes?" asks old Shylock. "W." may be very sure that the omission of all allusions to his favorite State has not been because the Lounger was not aware of all its charms. His eyes daily see a lovely landscape, and it is made up of the woods and fields of Jersey. And he remembers that Emerson says, "The Jerseys were good enough ground for Washington to tread." Will "W." explain to the Lounger the origin and occasion of the feeling about New Jersey, opulent mother of hogs and peaches? And perhaps "W." will kindly remember that, *in re* hogs and peaches, the proof of the pudding, etc., etc.

"BOUNDBROOK, NEW JERSEY, *July*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—How is it that I never chance, when looking over your columns, to see any thing with regard to Jersey? Can it be that you agree with those infamous individuals who believe New Jersey to be out of the United States? Fie, Mr. Lounger, that a gentleman of your experience and sagacity should thus uphold these individuals who were so strong in their faith that when, a short time ago, the comet was (according to your newspapers) about to strike the earth, fled to Jersey as a place which, if it was not out of the world, was as near it as could be. Do not condemn her unseen; visit some of her country places. Boundbrook, for instance, with its neat churches and fine streets. Stop overnight at its neat and roomy, not *rummy*, hotel. Stroll in the evening toward the Raritan River that winds through the place. Boundbrook is a place that also ranks high among the commercial part of the community, and is far-famed for its *hogs*, which, though quite unpoetical, are, as you are aware, or rather will be aware when you taste them, a substance not to be despised.

"But, Mr. Lounger, I will not enlarge on her merits or her hogs, but advise you to take a quiet trip among her hills, or along her shady rivers, and, hereafter, charge your devil not to, in printing, again overlook New Jersey. W."

—M. E. M. bursts into rhyme for relief.

"NEVER MIND."

Last evening with visions of bliss,
Sweet thoughts of the night before,
And fair prospects for this—
I stopped in at Addie's.
Alack! alack!—never was mortal
So taken aback. My Addie last night,
To a lover's eye, was a precious sight.

The evening seemed a very summer time,
With love thoughts toned to perfect rhyme.
Miss Addie this night,
To a lover's eye, was a woeful sight!
Head one side
As she would her coldness hide—
Yet have me see. "Never a word"
Came from the lips of Miss Adelaide Bird.
My chair stood in its usual place,
And from its arm looked up
Old *Harper's* cheerful face.

I smiled. "Dear Addie, this is kind!"
She shrugged her shoulders—"*Never mind!*"
The pouting lips were very sweet,
So were the little slippered feet
Upon the ottoman. Quite resigned,
I heard her gracious "*Never mind;*"
I really thought my being late
Had brought about this vexing fate,
And strove with all my might and main,
As sailors say—"to bring her round again."

But all in vain. She persisted in not minding, and urging M. E. M. not to mind; and he naturally declares:

Now, *Harper*, I am half inclined
To cut my lady and her deuced "Never mind!"
Do you know
If other girls "have a way" of acting so?
Or is it confined to my own bonny bird,
The peculiar use of this outlandish word?
Or words I should say, only my rhyme
Refused to jingle a single more time.

Oh, *Harper!* Oh, Lounger! dear clever chaps,
Up with your pins and down with your raps
On these curly heads. Teach the giddy things
That love sometimes unfolds his wings,
And over the hills and far away——!
Please say if these taking words
Are current coin among all lady birds.

—Will no lady bird answer?

—The Lounger replies to OTHO's first inquiry that, after the lately published card to which he refers, any meddling or speculating is simply scandalous and impertinent. OTHO further writes:

"LOUISVILLE, *July*, 1858.

"A precious young gentleman of this city was recently requested by his *inamorata* to favor her with an album souvenir. He did so, and concluded by a warm gush from the fullness of his heart as follows:

"'Regard! Oh, why should I thus hide that passion
Which burns within like an everlasting volcano:
Regard! a word alone for cold men of fashion,
Whose hearts on Earth no higher considerations appear to lay claim to.'

"Is it *negative* or *positive?* Does it belong to the *subjective* or the *objective*—Homeric or Elizabethan? Is it of the Lakers or troubadors—lyric or didactic—heroic or sentimental?

"Your decision upon this burst of *subdued* pathos will tend to promote as well the cause of letters as to abate the curiosity of an anxious OTHO."

—This seems to be clearly one of those cases in which "you takes your choice."

"NEW HAMPSHIRE.

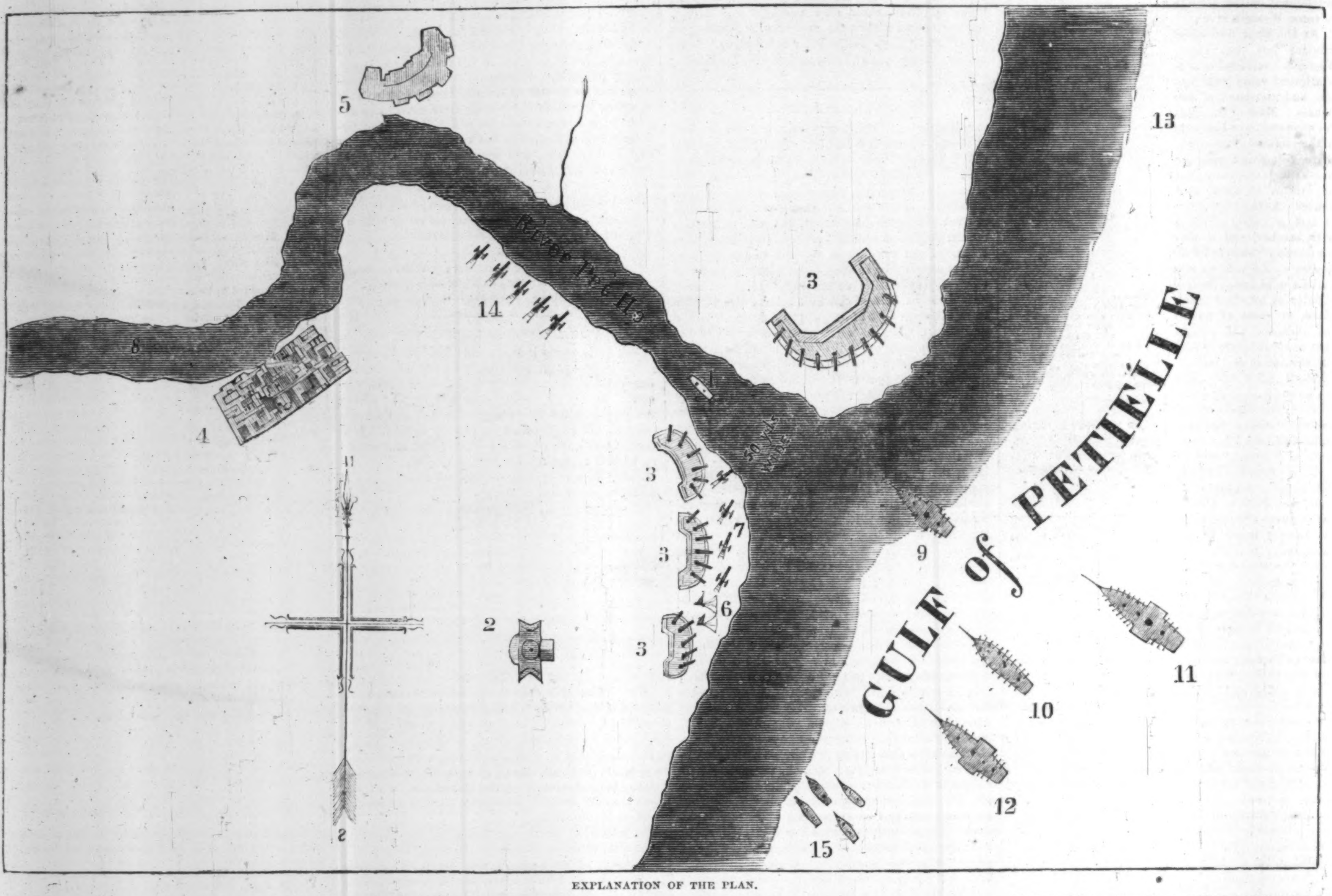
"DEAR LOUNGER,—I should not venture to address thee did I not know that thou art kind and good, and, if thou canst not accept, wilt be silent and not censure.

"I come not to speak to thee of the exquisite beauties and soft, dreamy delights of 'the land of flowers,' nor of the beautiful prairies, majestic rivers, and abundant harvests of the youthful, growing West; but I would fain whisper in thy ear of the dear old homes of New England. Has the Lounger ever trod the rugged hills of the Granite State? ever sat through long winter evenings by the farmer's blazing fire? ever watched, in the early spring, for the anemone and trailing arbutus, or, in summer, gathered the buttercups and daisies by the wayside? Does the Lounger know that the hills are not all rock, the plains all sand—that there is some beauty in the roughness, some productiveness in the soil, and that even now the air is laden with the breath of roses, and fragrance from fields of clover?

"Now, I am a stubborn believer in convenient houses and churches; in comfortable carriages and passable roads; in good schools and time-honored institutions, and, more than all, in dear, familiar faces. I can not see why so many barter away their birth-right, resign the old homestead—reverently let me speak the word—to stranger hands, scatter to the winds the household gods, and hasten away toward the setting sun. True, they find a milder clime and more fertile soil, but find too often that these are not congenial to the growth of the sterling virtues—industry, frugality, and temperance.

"Let these old homes, I say, be kept as a sacred heritage from one generation to another, improving, but still the same, so that the wanderer in distant lands may feel that not only the graves of his fathers, but a living tie, will sometimes call him home to New England. M."

And the Lounger cried "Amen."



EXPLANATION OF THE PLAN.

1. The "Mississippi's" junk at anchor on the night of the 19th of April, under the guns of the forts.
2. Josshouse.
3. Forts mounting 150 guns.
4. A town of thirty thousand inhabitants.
5. Fort being built.
6. Encampment on the beach.
7. Battery of 20 guns, on the beach.
8. River Pei-ho.
9. Russian frigate "America."
10. English steam frigate "Furious."
11. English frigate "Pique."
12. United States steam frigate "Mississippi," anchored eight miles from the beach.
13. Gulf of Petielle.
14. Guns on the bank of the river.
15. English gun-boats.

PLAN OF THE PEI-HO FORTS AND VICINITY.

THE ATTACK ON THE PEI-HO FORTS, IN CHINA.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of the *Herald* for the accompanying plan of the Pei-ho Forts and the vicinity, and view of the scene, from sketches taken by an officer on board the United States steam frigate *Mississippi.* The reader is already aware that these forts were taken by the allied French and English, without much loss, on the 20th May. On the 22d the allies proceeded up the river.

Pei-ho, the "White River," is of consequence as the stream on which Pekin, the capital of the Chinese Empire, rests. It rises near the Great Wall, and flowing past Pekin, enters the Gulf of Petielle in 38° 33′ north latitude. For some months the Chinese have been busily fortifying its banks. Early in April the allied vessels began to collect in the Bay of Petielle off the mouth of the Pei-ho. By the beginning of May they had a force large enough to commence offensive operations; and their negotiations with the Emperor proving fruitless, the attack of the 20th May (of which we have only telegraphic intelligence) was the result.

The junk lying nearest the shore in our picture is the *Pei-ho*, which has been chartered by our countrymen as a tender to the *Mississippi*. She had quite an adventure lately, when she was sent into the river to carry a message to the mandarins, and narrowly escaped being fired upon by the Celestials. One of the officers says, in a letter to the *Herald:* "As the *Pei-ho* entered the river, the Chinese (some ten thousand men) manned all their guns, numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, and of calibre ranging from six to forty-two pounders, and crowded their battlements with armed men. The muskets, matchlocks, spears, and swords bristled, glistened, and flashed on all sides, presenting as formidable an array as a Chinaman could well conceive of; while the thousands of flags and streamers, of all colors and descriptions, the fanciful dresses of the soldiery, the long tails, peacock feathers, gilt, white, and crystal balls on the mandarins' caps of gaudy red tops, and the queer cut of their garments, of many shades and varieties, gave a fairy-like and butterfly variety to the scene, which it is next to impossible to describe."

The American officers landed in spite of the Chinese array, and performed their task; much to the disgust of the Chinese, who are distrustful of all barbarians. We may now expect to hear of the advance of the allied army upon Pekin, and of the conclusion of a peace, dictated to the Emperor in his own palace.

MY FIRST-BORN.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

IT shall not be "Albert" nor "Arthur,"
Though both are respectable men;
His name shall be that of his father—
My Benjamin shorten'd to "Ben."

Yes, much as I wish for a corner
In each of my relatives' wills,
I will not be reckon'd a fawner—
That creaking of boots must be Squills.

It is clear, though his means may be narrow,
This infant his age will adorn;
I shall send him to Oxford from Harrow—
I wonder how soon he'll be born.

A spouse thus was airing his fancies
Below—'twas a labor of love—
And calmly reflecting on Nancy's
More practical labor above.

Yet while it so pleased him to ponder,
Elated, at ease, and alone,
That pale, patient victim up yonder
Had budding delights of her own;

Sweet thoughts, in their essence diviner
Than dreams of ambition and pelf;
A cherub, no babe will be finer,
Invented and nursed by herself!

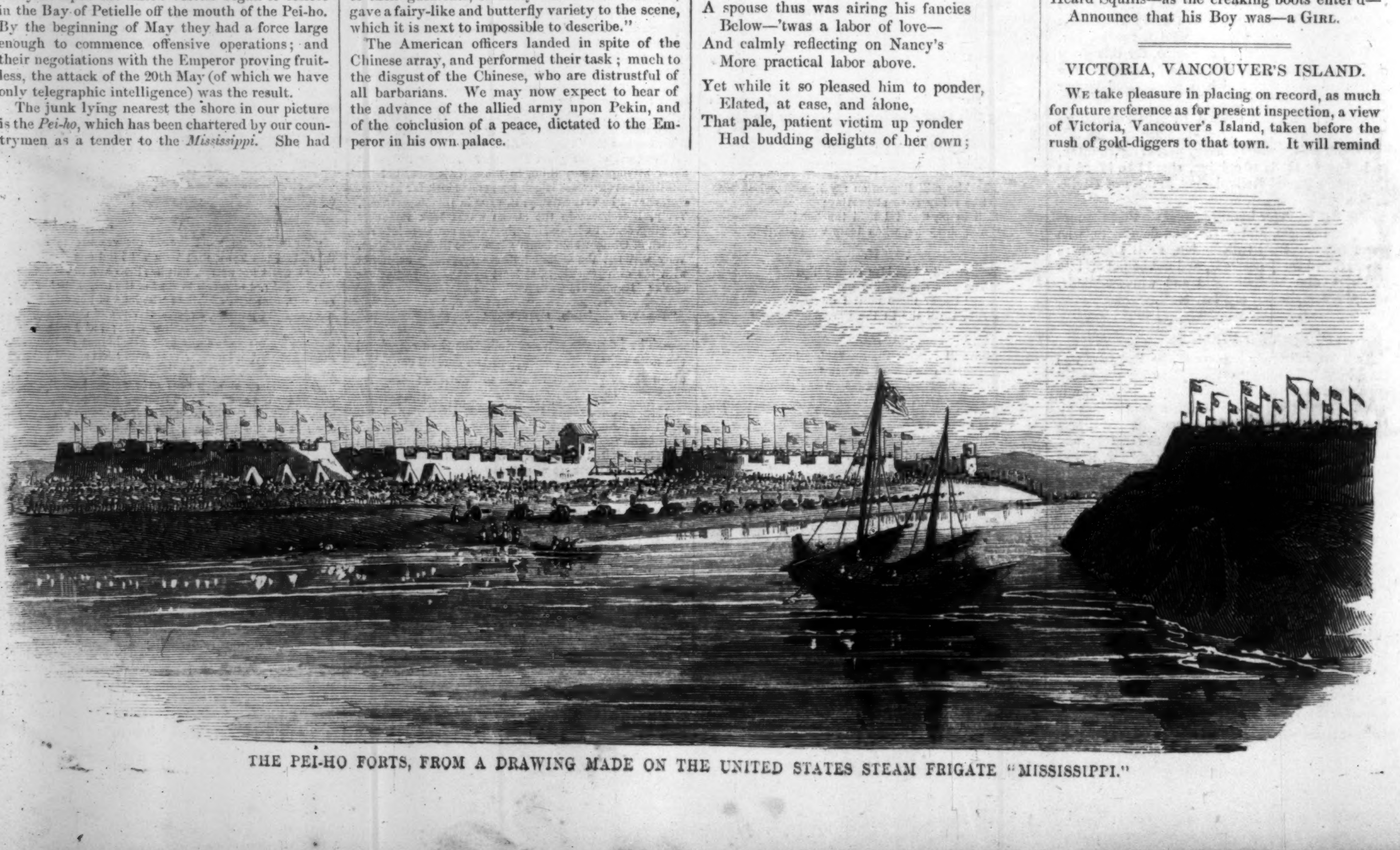
One breakfasting, dining, and teaing,
With appetite naught can appease,
And quite a young Reasoning Being
When call'd on to yawn and to sneeze.

What cares that heart, trusting and tender,
For fame or avuncular wills;
Except for the name and the gender,
She is almost as tranquil as Squills.

That father, in reverie centred,
Dumfoundered, his brain in a whirl,
Heard Squills—as the creaking boots enter'd—
Announce that his Boy was—a GIRL.

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

WE take pleasure in placing on record, as much for future reference as for present inspection, a view of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, taken before the rush of gold-diggers to that town. It will remind



THE PEI-HO FORTS, FROM A DRAWING MADE ON THE UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE "MISSISSIPPI."

our Western readers of many a newly-planted settlement on the borders of some Western river.

At the time our latest advices left that place, Victoria contained a population of some 2000 people, and consisted of 160 houses. Most of the miners were encamped in tents in the vicinity of the town, there being not only no houses to lodge them, but no lumber to build new houses. As the last steamer left a vessel arrived with lumber, and it was confidently predicted that houses would soon be run up like wild-fire. Several sales of lots had taken place, at some of which the audience had assembled several hours before the sale, as is the case at Western sales of public lands, and had jostled one another after the most approved Western fashion. Some lots, 60 × 100, in the town of Victoria, sold as high as $8000; others, less happily situate, varied from $250 to $1000. Californian experience has taught many of the immigrants that the best mining locations are not the "placers." Should the news of the gold discoveries be confirmed, we may expect to hear of as much speculation in real estate in Victoria as there ever was in San Francisco.

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

It is a fine city, with a noble harbor, capable of containing all the sailing vessels and steamers that can be sent there. Behind it lies a rich back country, producing every vegetable peculiar to the temperate zone. Coal, iron, copper, and other minerals abound; and the mountain districts contain millions of acres admirably fitted for the pasturage of cattle and sheep. The Hudson Bay Company's farms on the island are likely to be the most profitable of their possessions.

Victoria has rivals—in Bellingham Bay. Schome and Whatcom are both newly-founded settlements, which are contending for a share of the good things flowing into the new El Dorado. Both, it appears, are well situate, though the beach is long and sloping; and to adapt them to the requirements of an extensive trade very long wharves will need to be built. But it appears to be the opinion of the bulk of the immigrants into the new region that Victoria will retain her pre-eminence, so long as no city is founded nearer the mines. Victoria is forty miles from the mouth of Frazer's River, and the placers are over a hundred miles from the mouth of that stream. There is room, therefore, for a nearer dépôt, where the miners can exchange their dust for the necessaries of life. But, in the mean time, the centre and focus of operations is Victoria.

Should the Frazer River gold mines fulfill their promise, and the Government of Great Britain display reasonable sagacity in encouraging immigration, Victoria will ere long be as large and thriving a place as San Francisco or Melbourne. Already the shore is studded with stores occupied by American goods, and owned or leased by American citizens. A newspaper, established by an American citizen, and entitled the Victoria *Gazette*, already serves as the mouth-piece of American opinion, in opposition to the British Government and the Hudson's Bay Company. At this rate, many months can not elapse before the stars and stripes float over the fort which is depicted in our illustration.

THE GREAT CRICKET MATCH AT HOBOKEN.

CANADA *vs.* THE UNITED STATES.

The decisive match between the United States and the Canada cricketers was played at Hoboken last week. It was the fifth match between the parties. The first match played at Harlem in 1853, was won by the United States by 34 runs; the next at Toronto, in 1854, was won by the Canadians, with 10 wickets to spare; the third in 1855, at Hoboken, was won by the States, with 9 wickets to spare; and the fourth at Toronto, in August of last year, was won by the Canadians, with 7 wickets to go down. The game last week was therefore the conqueror.

The following gentlemen composed the eleven of Canada: Messrs. Hardinge, Parsons, Heward, and Napier, of Toronto; Messrs. Head, H. Phillips, and T. D. Phillips and Mr. Rykert of St. Catharines; Messrs. Sneath and Peerless, of Hamilton; and Mr. Fourdinier, of Prescott.

The following gentlemen composed the United States eleven: Messrs. Higham, Sharp, Barker, and Wilby, of the New York Club; Bingham, Lang, Waller, and Harry Wright, of St. George's; Jefferson and Hallis, of Newark; and Senior, of Philadelphia.

The game began on Monday, and lasted till Wednesday evening. It may seem invidious to pick out any players for particular eulogium when such excellent play was witnessed on all sides; but all the spectators concurred in praising the bowling of Mr. Head, and the batting of Mr. Heward among the Canadians, and the admirable play of Mr. Bingham, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Senior, etc., among the United States eleven. We do not give any detailed account of the games for want of space, and also because a thorough account might not be particularly entertaining to those among our readers who are not cricketers, as the following extracts from one of the newspaper reports will prove:

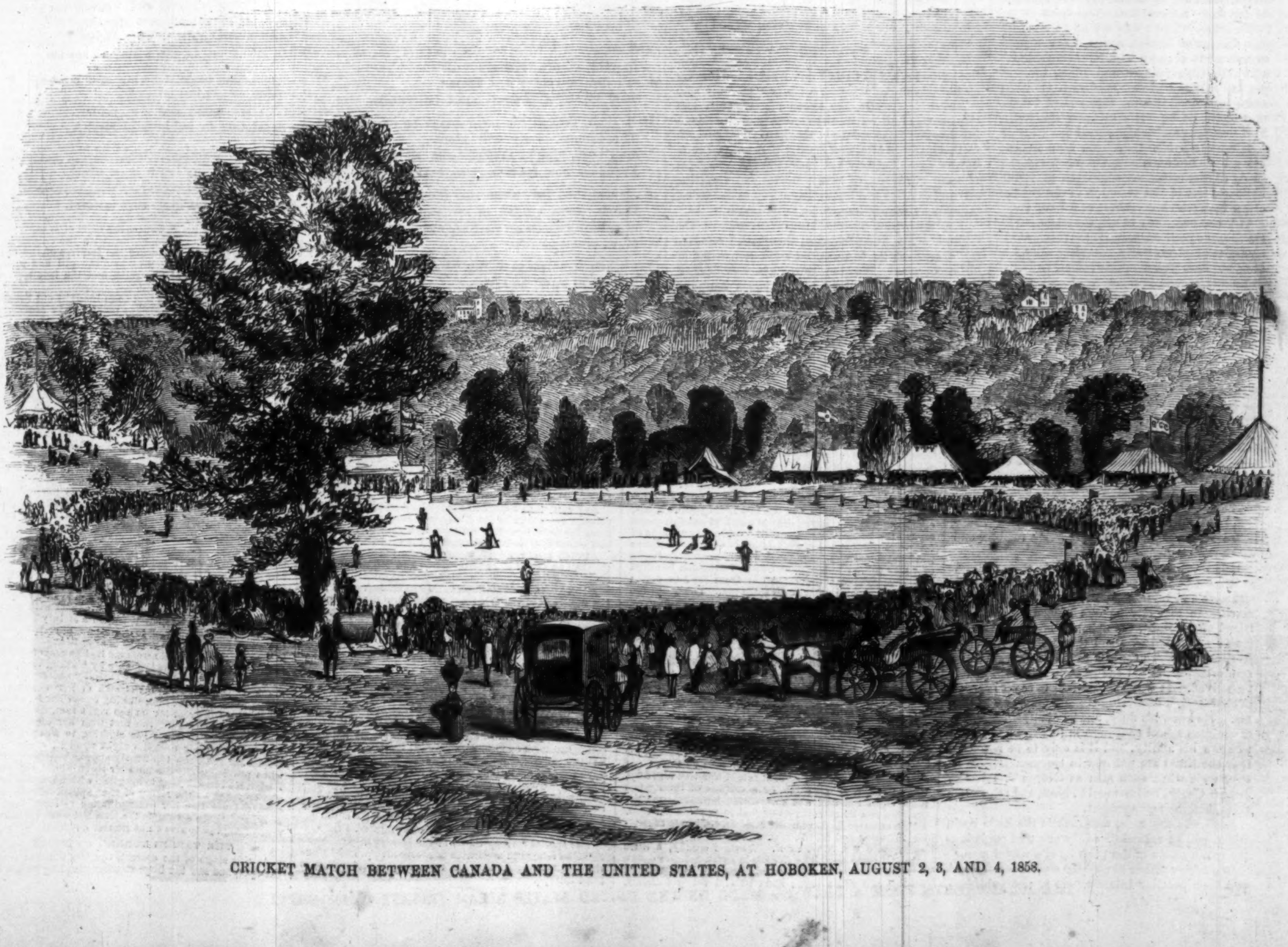
Heward came in and led off for a cut for 1, and a cut to slip for 3 from Barker, from whom T. Phillips cut a 4 to the slip, amidst much applause, and followed it, after some defensive play, with a drive to the on for 2, from the same bowler, who revenged himself by taking the off stump; 3 wickets, 15 runs. Parsons succeeded T. Phillips—who retired with 6 to his name—when Heward made a pretty hit to leg for a 6, which was as prettily fielded and sent back for only 1 by Wilby. The next few overs some byes were made, a wide, and 1 for Parsons to the on, when he was caught from a leg swing over the shoulder by Wright at long stop; 4 wickets, 21 runs. For several overs, "steady" was the word, for the bowling was not to be trifled with, wides and byes being made, when Heward made another splendid leg hit, which should have gone for 6, but was sent back by Bingham for only 1; cuts and drives for ones, which ought to have gone for threes but for the splendid fielding, and a sky-scraper from Heward for only 1 to leg—a chance which was not taken—and Hardinge was singularly caught from Barker.

* * * * * * *

He was succeeded by Rykert, when there was a lively time between him and Sneath, Rykert stealing several byes; Sneath was at length got rid of by Senior, by a trimmer which took the leg stump—a lesson to first-rate cricketers, who will try to draw or cut the balls if it is but about the thirty-second part of an inch clear of the near or off stump—7 wickets down for 65 runs, Sneath's score of 7 was made by 22s, one of them a cut to point and singles, all prettily got, one a draw to leg, the only play at that point except Senior's and Crossley's, during the match. Head succeeded, and on the first ball made a cut for 1, which rubbed off the 66 runs necessary to tie the first innings of the United States eleven.

* * * * * * *

Waller and Barker led off to the bowling of Hardinge, who, in the first over, gave two wides, Waller making a cut for 1; on the next over Waller slipped a 1, and Barker a 3, from the bowling of Head. Hardinge bowled a maiden, and Waller cut for a 1 from Head, and a slip



CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES, AT HOBOKEN, AUGUST 2, 3, AND 4, 1858.

from Hardinge for 1, and 1 for an overthrow, when he was bowled, after playing very prettily for 4: 1 wicket, 9 runs. He was succeeded by Wilby, and shortly after, Barker gave an easy chance to Parsons at short leg, which was taken this time, leaving 4 to his name and 12 runs for a loss of 2 wickets.

* * * * * * *

The following is the full score of the game, with an analysis of the bowling:

UNITED STATES—1ST INNINGS.		UNITED STATES—2D INNINGS.	
Sharp, c. Peerless, b. Head	24	Not out	10
Waller, c. Peerless, b. Hardinge	2		4
Hon. H. Bingham, c. Peerless, b. Hardinge	34	Hardinge	5
Senior, c. T. Phillips, b. Hardinge	9	b. Head	2
Wilby, b. Hardinge	0	b. Head	2
Barker, b. Head	0	c. Parsons, b. Head	4
H. Wright, c. T. Phillips, b. Hardinge	0	b. Hardinge	0
Higham, c. T. Phillips, b. Hardinge	5		
Jefferson, c. H. Phillips, b. Parsons	14		
Crossley, not out	16	Not out	1
Hallis, c. Peerless, b. Hardinge	9		0
Byes	14	Byes	2
Leg byes	6	Leg byes	1
Wides	14	Wides	5
Total	147	Total	36

CANADA—1ST INNINGS.		CANADA—2D INNINGS.	
H. Phillips, b. Hallis	1	b. Senior	17
Rykert, b. Hallis	4	Run out	11
T. Phillips, b. Barker	6	b. Hallis	6
Heward, not out	31	b. Hallis	5
Parsons, c. H. Wright, b. Hallis	1	b. Hallis	1
Hardinge, c. Crossley, b. Barker	5	b. Hallis	12
Head, c. Higham, b. Crossley	10	Not out	11
Peerless, b. Hallis	0	Run out	4
Sneath, b. Barker	7	b. Senior	7
Napier, b. Barker	0	c. Sharp, b. Hallis	0
Fourdinier, b. Barker	0	b. Barker	0
Byes	3	Byes	18
Leg byes	4	Leg byes	3
Wides	9	Wides	6
Total	81	Total	101

ANALYSIS OF THE GAME.

CANADA—FIRST INNINGS.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Hallis	158	24	24	4	6
Barker	117	27	16	5	1
Crossley	38	12	5	1	2
SECOND INNINGS.					
Barker	89	23	9	1	3
Hallis	130	29	15	5	1
Senior	57	17	4	2	1
Crossley	9	5	0	0	1

UNITED STATES—FIRST INNINGS.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Head	88	16	9	2	8
Parsons	68	32	5	1	0
Napier	12	9	1	0	0
Peerless	8	4	0	0	0
Hardinge	171	52	12	7	6
SECOND INNINGS.					
Hardinge	58	17	5	3	2
Head	57	11	7	3	3

We believe there is no foundation for the report that there was not an American among the players. There was, we are told, at least one.

LITERARY.

PROBABLY very many persons, in common with ourselves, have felt the want of a well-arranged compendium of mensuration to which they can refer for daily information. Old rules do not stay in the minds of men who attend to other business than the art of figures, and it is rather hard work sometimes to keep up with the meaning of writers who talk about metres and miles, grammes and grains, ankers and stoops, digits, cubits, palms, and spans, as if it were expected of every reader that he should know the measures of every nation in the ancient and modern world.

HASWELL'S MENSURATION, now published by Harper & Brothers, fills the want precisely, not alone of mechanicians, engineers, carpenters, and builders, but of the ordinary book-reader, and of every man who has a house or a farm.

It is not necessary to call the attention of teachers to this excellent book, since it seems to be rather a matter of necessity that they should adopt it at once. It is well arranged, clear, and intelligible to teacher as well as scholar. It covers the whole ground, meets every requirement, and leaves nothing to be desired as a text-book for students. But we would direct the notice of all practical mechanics to it as a complete and thorough work, in a cheap form, and precisely suited to their purposes, whether they desire to measure the contents of a cask, the amount of brick necessary for a house, the portion of a tract of land necessary to fill a ten-acre purchase, or any other problem in the science of mensuration.

Biographical sketches possess an interest which is precisely in proportion to the force of character of the subject. The life of a dull or stupid commonplace man or woman is a dull, stupid book. We have too many such. But the biography of a man like JOSEPH CURTIS, by Miss Sedgwick, published by Harper & Brothers, is worth reading and worth thinking of.

It is brief, as it should be. It is appreciative, as it must be from such a pen, and eminently instructive and valuable. Mr. Curtis was a man of mark. In this city he was known as the firm friend of the right, the upholder of truth, the defender of Christianity and the Bible, the honest, fearless man. To see him in his daily walks was comfortable. It did one good to know that such men lived. It was encouraging to see a breadth of character, a determination and force of will like his. He knew his duty, and he did it. The cause of common school education in this city had reason to know his ability, and it is only to be regretted that the times are not now in common schools as they were when such men as George T. Trimble, Joseph Curtis, and Samuel F. Mott, and others like them, had the management.

Such was the man, and such is the little book, which will be valued by every one who reads it as the preservation of the portrait of a model man.

We have another biography on our table, which possesses peculiar interest. It is not published, but is privately circulated, and we may mention it as one of the productions of the day. The title is suggestive of the contents: CORRESPONDENCE WITH MY SON, HENRY KIRK WHITE MUSE, by his Father.

Mr. Muse, the father, is a distinguished member of the Louisiana bar. His son, a young man of noble promise, was a student in college at Princeton. The separation of father and son led to the correspondence which is here collected, which consists of most admirable letters on both sides, and which was abruptly terminated by the death of the son, caused by the explosion of a steamer on the Mississippi last winter, upon which he was returning to college after a visit at home. No one can read the pages without emotion. It is not often that a record of so much love and so much tenderness, combining the instructions of a wise father and the respectful affection of a manly and yet a docile son, falls into the hands of the book reader. Such treasures usually remain in manuscript, hoarded in old trunks or letter-cases, to be read and re-read till years and tears discolor the paper, and render illegible the words of love. We can not but thank the father who has in this instance preserved them for others to know what a boy he has lost; and though in reading them we feel as if we had stepped within a charmed circle and violated its sanctity, we can only retire from it leaving our words of sympathy and of admiration to be, if possible, a consolation to the keepers of his memory.

Harper & Brothers furnish the juvenile portion of the community with another of those capital pictorial histories, by Jacob Abbott, in which the younger people take so much delight. THE LIFE OF RICHARD III. is the story of one of the most cruel monarchs that the throne of England or any other throne has ever supported. The period which his life covers is one of the most interesting portions of English history to the young mind, when the power of the great Barons was finally broken, and Warwick perished before the Duke who was to be King. The history of Richard's cruel love of Anne, the story of the murder of Clarence, the fate of the young princes whose miserable death has always been the subject of sympathy with the young as well as the old, and the tragic account of the Battle of Bosworth—all these make up a most exciting and instructive book, which will amuse while it improves many a young mind.

Rev. John Caird, of Glasgow, is one of the most popular preachers in Scotland. A volume of his SERMONS, published by Carter & Brothers, is a treasure of good reading, and sound as well as sounding doctrine. There is a new grandeur in the old truth when one hears or reads it from those hearty Scotchmen who preach it as God's truth, boldly, sonorously, faithfully. "Preach," says he, "the preciousness of time by your husbanding of its rapid hours, and your crowding of its days with duties. Though eternity, with its fast approaching realities, be a forbidden topic to the ear, constrain the unwilling mind to think of it by the spectacle of a life ordered with perpetual reference to hopes and destinies beyond the grave. Though no warning against an unspiritual, no exhortation to a holy life might be tolerated, let your own pure, earnest, unworldly character and bearing be to the careless soul a perpetual atmosphere of spirituality haunting and hovering around it."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE reader will find on first page an account of the success of this wonderful enterprise. We make room here for several extracts from Mr. Field's diary:

FIRST AND SECOND DAYS.

Thursday, July 29.—Lat. 52.59 N., lon. 32.27 W., telegraph fleet all in sight; sea smooth; light wind from S.E. to S.S.E.; cloudy. Splice made in the cable at 1 P.M.; signals through the whole length of the cable on board both ships perfect; depth of water fifteen hundred and fifty fathoms.

Distance to the entrance of Valentia Harbor eight hundred and thirteen nautical miles, and from there to the Telegraph House the shore end of the cable is laid.

Distance to the entrance of Trinity Bay, N. F., eight hundred and twenty-two nautical miles, and from there to the Telegraph House, at the head of Bay of Bull's Arm, sixty miles, making in all eight hundred and eighty-two nautical miles.

The *Niagara* has sixty-nine miles further to run than the *Agamemnon*.

The *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* have each eleven hundred nautical miles of cable on board; about the same quantity as last year.

At 7:45 P.M., ship's time, or 10:5 P.M., Greenwich time, signals from the *Agamemnon* ceased, and the tests applied by the electricians showed that there was a want of continuity on the cable, but that the insulation was perfect. Kept on paying out from the *Niagara* very slowly, and was constantly applying all kinds of electrical tests until 6 P.M., ship's time, and 11:30 P.M., Greenwich time, when we again commenced receiving perfect signals from the *Agamemnon*.

Friday, July 30.—Lat. 51.50 N., lon. 34.49 W. Distance run by observation in the last twenty-three hours, eighty-nine miles. Payed out one hundred and thirty-one miles nine hundred fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of forty-two miles nine hundred fathoms over the distance run by observation—equal to forty-eight per cent. Depth of water fifteen hundred and fifty to nineteen hundred and seventy-five fathoms; wind from S.E. to S.W.; weather thick and rainy, with some sea. The *Gorgon* in sight.

At 3:50 A.M. finished the main deck coil and commenced paying out from the berth deck. Seven hundred and twenty-three miles from the Telegraph House at Bay of Bull's Arm, Trinity Bay.

At 2:21 P.M. received signals from on board the *Agamemnon* that they had payed out one hundred and fifty miles of the cable.

At 2:34 P.M. had payed out from the *Niagara* one hundred and fifty miles of the cable.

SECOND AND THIRD DAYS.

Saturday, July 31.—Lat. 51.5 N., lon. 38.14 W. Distance run by observation in the last twenty-four hours, one hundred and thirty-seven miles. Payed out one hundred and fifty-nine miles eight hundred and fifty-three fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of twenty-two miles eight hundred and forty-three fathoms over the distance run by observation—equal to thirteen per cent. Depth of water sixteen hundred and fifty-seven to twenty-two hundred and fifty fathoms. Wind moderate, S.W., and from 6 A.M. N.W. by N. Weather cloudy, a little rain and some sea. The *Gorgon* in sight.

Total amount of cable payed out two hundred and ninety-one miles seven hundred and thirty fathoms. Total distance run by observation, two hundred and twenty-six miles. Surplus cable payed out over the distance run by observation, sixty-five miles seven hundred and thirty fathoms—equal to twenty-nine per cent. Six hundred and fifty-six miles from the Telegraph House.

11:4 P.M.—Payed out from the *Niagara* three hundred miles of the cable.

At 2:45 P.M. received signals from the *Agamemnon* that they had payed out from her three hundred miles of the cable.

At 5.37 P.M. finished the coil on the berth-deck, and commenced paying out from the lower deck.

Sunday, August 1.—Lat. 50.32 N., lon. 41.55 W. Distance run by observation during the last twenty-four hours, one hundred and forty-five miles. Payed out one hundred and sixty-four miles six hundred and eighty-three fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of nineteen miles six hundred and thirty fathoms over the distance run by observation—equal to fourteen per cent. Depth of water, nineteen hundred and fifty to twenty-four hundred and twenty-four fathoms. Wind moderate and fresh from N.N.E. to N.E. Weather cloudy and misty, and heavy swell. The *Gorgon* in sight.

Total amount of cable payed out—four hundred and fifty-six miles, four hundred fathoms. Total amount of distance run by observation, three hundred and seventy-one miles. Total amount of surplus cable payed out over the distance run, eighty-five miles six hundred fathoms—equal to twenty-three per cent. Five hundred and eleven miles from the Telegraph House.

At 3.5 P.M. finished paying out the coil on the lower deck, and changed to the coil in the hold.

FOURTH AND FIFTH DAYS.

Monday, August 2.—Lat. 49.52 N., lon. 45.48 W. Distance run by observation in the last twenty-four hours, one hundred and fifty-four miles. Payed out, one hundred and seventy-seven miles, fifteen fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of twenty-three miles, one hundred fathoms over the distance run—equal to fifteen per cent. Depth of water, sixteen hundred to twenty-three hundred and eighty-five fathoms. Wind N.W. Weather cloudy.

The *Niagara* getting light, and rolling very much, it was not considered safe to carry sail to steady the ship; for in case of accident it might be necessary to stop the vessel as soon as possible.

At 7 A.M. passed and signaled the Cunard steamer from Boston to Liverpool.

Total amount of cable payed out, six hundred and thirty-three miles five hundred fathoms. Total distance run by observation, five hundred and twenty-five miles. Total surplus cable payed out over the distance run, one hundred and eight miles five hundred fathoms, or less than twenty-one per cent. Two hundred and fifty-seven miles from the Telegraph House.

At 12:38 A.M. ship's time, and 3:38 A.M. Greenwich time, imperfect insulation of the cable was detected in sending and receiving signals from the *Agamemnon*, which continued until 5:40 A.M. ship's time, or 8:40 A.M. Greenwich time, when all was right again. The fault was found to be in the ward-room, or in about sixty miles from the lower end, which was immediately cut out and taken out of circuit.

Tuesday, August 3.—Lat. 45.17 N., lon. 49.23. W.—Distance run by observation in the last twenty-four hours, one hundred and forty-seven miles; payed out one hundred and sixty-one miles sixty-one fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of fourteen miles six hundred and thirteen fathoms over the distance run—equal to ten per cent. Depth of water, seven hundred and forty-two to eighteen hundred and twenty-seven fathoms. Wind N.N.W. Weather very pleasant. The *Gorgon* in sight.

Total amount of cable payed out, seven hundred and ninety-five miles three hundred fathoms. Total distance run by observation, six hundred and seventy-two miles. Total surplus cable payed out over the distance run, one hundred and twenty-three miles three hundred fathoms—less than nineteen per cent. Two hundred and ten miles from the Telegraph House.

At 8.26 A.M. finished paying out the coil from the hold, and commenced paying out from the wardroom coil—three hundred and five miles of the cable remaining on board at noon.

At 11:15 A.M., ship's time, received a signal from on board the *Agamemnon* that they had payed out from her seven hundred and eighty miles of the cable. During the afternoon and evening passed several icebergs.

At 9:10 P.M., ship's time, received a signal from the *Agamemnon* that she was in water of two hundred fathoms.

At 10:20 P.M., ship's time, the *Niagara* was in water two hundred fathoms, and informed the *Agamemnon* of the same.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH DAYS.

Wednesday, August 4.—Lat. 48.17 N., lon. 52.43 W. Distance run by observation one hundred and forty-six miles. Payed out one hundred and fifty-four miles one hundred and sixty fathoms of the cable, or a surplus of eight miles three hundred and sixty fathoms, over the distance run—equal to six per cent. Depth of water less than two hundred fathoms. Weather beautiful and perfectly calm. The *Gorgon* in sight.

Total amount of cable payed out nine hundred and forty-nine miles six hundred and sixty fathoms. Total amount of surplus cable payed out over distance run, one hundred and thirty-one miles, six hundred and sixty fathoms—about sixteen per cent. Sixty-four miles to the Telegraph House.

At noon received signals from the *Agamemnon* that they had payed out from her nine hundred and forty miles of the cable.

Passed this morning several icebergs.

Made the land off the entrance to Trinity Bay at 8 A.M. Entered Trinity Bay at 12:30 P.M.

At 22:0 P.M., ship's time, stopped sending signals to the *Agamemnon* for the purpose of making a splice, and at 2:40 P.M., ship's time, commenced sending signals again to the *Agamemnon*. At 5 P.M. saw her Majesty's steamer *Porcupine* coming to us. At 7:30 P.M., Captain Otter, of the *Porcupine*, came on board the *Niagara* to pilot us to the anchorage near the Telegraph House.

Thursday August 5.—At 1:45 A.M. the *Niagara* anchored. Distance run since noon yesterday, sixty-four miles. Amount of cable paid out, sixty-six miles three hundred and fifty-three fathoms, being a loss of less than four per cent.

Total amount of cable paid out since the splice was made, one thousand and sixteen miles six hundred fathoms. Total amount of distance run, eight hundred and eighty-two miles. Total amount of cable payed out over distance run, one hundred and thirty-four miles and six hundred fathoms, being a surplus of about fifteen per cent.

At 2 A.M. went ashore in a small boat and informed the persons in charge of the Telegraph House—half a mile from the landing—that the telegraph fleet had arrived, and were ready to land the end of the cable.

At 2:45 A.M. received a signal from the *Agamemnon* that she had paid out one thousand and ten miles of the cable.

At 5:15 A.M. the telegraph cable was landed. At 6 A.M. the shore end of the cable was carried into the Telegraph House and a strong current of electricity received through the whole cable from the other side of the Atlantic. Captain Hudson then read prayers and made some remarks.

At 1 P.M. H. M. steamer *Gorgon* fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and all the day was discharging the cargo belonging to the Telegraph Company.

Friday, August 6.—Have been receiving all day strong electric signals from the Telegraph House in Valentia.

LATEST FROM TRINITY BAY.

NOTE.—We landed here in the woods. Until the telegraph instruments are all ready and perfectly adjusted communication can not pass between the two continents, but the electric currents are received freely. You shall have the earliest intimation when all is ready, but it may be some days before every thing is perfected. The first telegraphic message between Europe and America will be from the Queen of England to the President of the United States, and the second his reply.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

The special correspondent of the *Herald* says:

"The telegraph apparatus is nearly all up, and before the *Niagara* reaches New York you may expect messages from Europe.

"*The electric current is perfect.*

"That part of the ocean near this coast where the cable is laid is north of the Banks, and in water so deep that the icebergs can not affect it, while the water in Trinity Bay, at the head of which the station is located, and which is sixty miles from the entrance, is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred fathoms deep.

"Mr. Field has received congratulatory dispatches from the President of the United States, the Governor of Massachusetts, the Governor-General of Canada, the Governor of New Brunswick, and from all parts of the Union.

"A dispatch from Baltimore asks if it is true that the cable is laid, for they can't believe it. Yes, friends, the cable is laid.

"You can not imagine the intense anxiety and suspense on board the *Niagara* during the whole time the cable was being laid, for negligence in a single action for one moment might have ruined the whole enterprise.

"The telegraph operators here have named this place Cyrus Station, in honor of Mr. Cyrus W. Field. The nearest village is fifteen miles off, and the nearest house five miles distant. The backward state of things here is attributable to the want of confidence every body felt in the success of the enterprise."

SHARK-FISHING.

A party of gentlemen from Providence, Rhode Island, left on Thursday morning last to try their luck at shark-fishing down the bay. After partaking of the clams and chowder at Portsmouth Grove, and spending a few hours at that delightful spot, they took their boat, and under the direction of a gentleman of Providence famous for his skill in killing sharks, crossed over to a spot well known to him, where these voracious fishes are in the habit of congregating. After a little more than two hours the party took twenty-three sharks, the largest of which measured six feet seven inches in length, and was supposed to weigh about 150 pounds. This, as well as some of the others, required the united strength of three men to get him safe over the gunwale of the boat.

HOW A MAN'S WIFE WAS KISSED.

The Aledo *Record* gets off a good one in regard to a citizen of Iowa, whose wife, in his absence, while giving him a glass of water, had been kissed by a drover. When he heard of the outrage, he started at once in pursuit, found the drover after a hard day's ride, and accused him of the theft. The drover admitted the truth of the soft impeachment—said he had been a long time from home, was sorely tempted, and in an unguarded moment of frenzy purloined the kiss; but that he had not damaged the woman in the smallest particular—was very sorry—thought it was no matter to make a great ado about, and begged to be excused. The husband finally concluded that this was the right view of the matter, and agreed to settle upon the receipt of $5 for his day's ride. This being satisfactory all around, the drover handed over a $10 bill, and received $5 in change. But when the aggrieved benedict returned home and consulted his detector, he found the bill a counterfeit. He found he had suffered the indignity of having his wife kissed by a "nasty drover," passed one day in the saddle, and lost $5, and concluded that it didn't pay.

LOVE IN THE CARS.

The editor of the Harrisburg *Telegraph* is informed of a singular adventure which occurred on the passenger train of cars arriving at Harrisburg from the East, on Saturday evening last. In one of the cars a young gentleman was seated, apparently deeply occupied in reading a book he held in his hand until he got to Lancaster. At this place a very handsome young lady entered the cars and took a seat opposite to him. Before she had been long in the train the eyes of both met, and they recognized one another as old acquaintances when young, having been separated by their parents moving apart—those of the one to the West, and the other to Philadelphia. The two soon became enrapt in earnest conversation, fell ardently in love with one another, and by the time they arrived at Harrisburg had resolved to be united as man and wife, and travel on their journey to the lady's home together. Accordingly, they took lodgings at a hotel, sent for a minister, and were united in the bonds of connubial bliss, and taking the next train, were off on their bridal tour. The *Telegraph's* informant says he is acquainted with the parties, and that they both occupy high positions in society.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

A lady at Dubuque, boarding at the Tremont House, was the happy owner of a dress of unusual magnificence and value. It had been her wedding-robe, and had cost over $500. The lace, of which it was partly composed and decorated, was of the finest point, of the most delicate finish, and of the highest price, while the fabric of the dress itself was matchless for its elegance. Although a number of months had elapsed since her wedding the lady had never worn this beautiful dress but once, but had kept it carefully laid away in one of her trunks. On the 4th of July a servant-girl belonging to the hotel went clandestinely to this lady's room, and in her absence opened her trunks, and selected this $500 dress as the one which pleased her fancy the most. Taking it to her own room she arrayed herself therein, and proceeded to the National Garden, where she spent the entire day.

She returned at night, slipped up to the lady's room again, replaced the dress in the trunk, and skulked away again.

No discovery was made of this fact until a day or two since, when the lady opened the trunk containing the dress, having made up her mind to wear it to a wedding-party that evening. What was her horror, on taking out her beautiful dress, to find the skirt of it all bedraggled with mud, the front stained with the drippings of lager beer, the breast bearing the impress of the hands of the amorous swains with whom the girl had whirled through the mazes of the waltz, and the lace torn and soiled beyond redemption!

An examination set on foot soon brought out the facts in the case, and the ambitious maid will be brought up this afternoon to receive her punishment.

TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

Mr. D. M'Phail gives the following particulars of an encounter with a bear, which took place in the township of Fullarton, on Wednesday, the 14th ult. On the morning of the day mentioned, Mr. James Foster, farmer, on lot No. 4 West Mitchell Road, heard a hog making considerable noise, and sent his son George, a lad of some fifteen years of age, to see what was the matter; when, on running to the scene of trouble, the lad saw what he supposed to be a large black dog belonging to Mr. M'Phail (on whose land the combat was being waged) tearing at the neck of a hog belonging to Mr. M'Phail; and, with the intention of releasing his pigship, threw a stick at the ruthless aggressor, when, to his consternation, a huge bear, instead of the supposed dog, relinquished his hold upon the hog and made for himself. Being totally unarmed, and no assistance within a quarter of a mile, he at once made for a small iron-wood tree, of about five inches diameter. Having got up the tree, what was his terror when he saw the huge bear pursuing him hastily up the branches of the sapling. Having recovered his breath he screamed for help, and, in order to retard the progress of his assailant, began to shake the sapling; but Bruin had clutched the branches with an iron grip, and evidently calculated upon a dainty morsel for breakfast, and continued to raise paw after paw on the branches, till he approached so near as to be almost within reach. The poor lad screamed lustily, and endeavored to break off some of the branches by kicking them down with his bare feet. In this he partially succeeded, when the bear made a vigorous stretch of her muscles and seized the lad by the foot, sinking one of her fangs under the ball of the great toe on the right foot, and slightly scratching the side of the foot with her other nipper teeth. At this juncture the shaking to and fro of the sapling, with their united weight upon it, caused it to bend over until the top nearly approached the ground, when providentially the monster lost his hold, and young Foster, bravely clinging to his grasp with unshaken nerve, was elevated by the rising of the sapling. Bruin, however, did not lose her determination to feast upon his body, and again sprang to the tree, but was evidently too much fatigued to rise on so slender a ladder.

THE TABLES TURNED ON BRUIN.

At this stage of the contest, the boy's father reached the spot, and saw the huge monster standing on her hind

legs, her body extended up the tree, growling fiercely, the lad nearly exhausted, clinging to the tree, only a few feet up, with the blood streaming from his lacerated foot. On approaching to the rescue of his son the infuriated beast turned upon him: but he with a club in hand showed a bold front although out of breath with running. His eldest son now arrived from another part of the farm, when they succeeded in rescuing George from his retreat. Meanwhile several other persons arrived on the spot, and a lad was dispatched for Messrs. William and Walter Walcom, who were soon on the spot, with a dog of more than usual size and courage, which immediately seized the bear by the root of the ear, and in the struggle brought him to the ground. Bruin now got hold on the shoulder of the dog, and nipped him so tight as to make him relinquish his hold. But the courage of Bruin gave way, and she made an attempt to tree, when "Keeper" again seized her by the thigh and brought her back. She now made for a large elm, and ascended some forty-five feet, and perched in a crotch to scan her assailants. A man was then dispatched for two Nimrods, who, by a joint attack both in front and rear, brought her bearship to the ground by a well-directed fire.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. John M. Wood, M. C. for the 1st District of Maine, having sued an ex-editor of a newspaper, of which he is proprietor, for advances of money, the editor puts in, as a set-off for the claim, a bill for getting up for his (Wood's) use a letter of acceptance and a speech of acknowledgment at the time of his election to Congress. Mr. Wood repels, in strong terms, the imputation implied by the bill in offset, and says that "the charges preferred and the records made on the court files by the *ingrate* Carter were both concocted with the deliberate purpose of extorting *black mail*, or, in other words, to deter the undersigned from endeavoring to collect money advanced by him to said Carter."

Three ladies, residing in the same square, at Washington, recently presented their husbands with seven interesting responsibilities—two with twins, and the third with three children.

The *Church Record*, a religious weekly in Chicago, says: "During a visit to Mr. Healy, a few days since, we saw, among a number of new and attractive pictures in his studio, those of John Adams and Franklin Pierce, being the third and fourth of the series of full-length portraits of the Presidents that he is executing for the Government. As before mentioned to our readers, they are intended to be hung in the principal apartment of the White House. Mr. Healy's rooms are open to his friends every Thursday afternoon."

A correspondent of the Louisville *Journal* writes from Denville, Kentucky, July 27, that the body of Mr. Cooper, the Greek Professor in Centre College, was found hanging on a tree in the college grounds. "He had been very melancholy and appeared in very great distress the evening previous to his death, supposed to have been caused by the hearing of some very melancholy news from his home in Ohio. His mind was somewhat impaired for some time before his death; only a few days before he became almost wholly incompetent to hear his recitations." This is suspected to be a student's hoax by the Cincinnati *Gazette*.

A gentleman of Cincinnati, while riding a calico pony through the streets of Newport, Kentucky, was stopped by a woman who ran out of a house and inquired of him what was a cure for whooping cough? The gentleman mentioned some remedy that was familiar to him, and added that he was not a physician. "Oh no," said the woman, "I didn't take you for one; but I have heard that whatever a person riding such a horse as you are say is a cure is one, and my children are sick." Can any person tell us where this superstition originated, or when?

Dr. A. P. Beigler, of Rochester, who was sent to Auburn State Prison for seven years for causing the death of Amelia Murr by abortion, died in prison on Monday.

A detective officer, from Chicago, fell asleep while traveling over the Alton Railroad a few days since, and some light-fingered fellow actually stole his boots!

Chancellor Lathrop having resigned his office as head of the University at Madison, Wisconsin, the Board of Regents elected Henry Barnard, LL.D., of Hartford, Connecticut, to fill the vacancy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The Jew Bill passed on the 21st, and Baron Rothschild took his seat in the House of Commons amidst loud cheers. On 22d, the India bill was finally passed. The Archbishop of Canterbury expressed a hope that in future the distinctions of caste in India would cease to exist. The Earl of Derby said Government would give indiscriminate and impartial protection to all creeds and religions, but would give no material assistance to any measure for converting the natives. He thought it would be most undesirable to attempt to remove the distinctions of caste, which were so interwoven with the principles and feelings of the Hindoo.

In the House of Lords on 26th, Lord Lyndhurst called attention to the right of search question, and asked for the correspondence relative to the negotiation on the subject with the United States. Lord Malmesbury said that an arrangement calculated to put a stop to the traffic in slaves under the cover of the American flag, and at the same time to avoid all causes of misunderstanding between the two nations, was in course of preparation, and would, he believed, accomplish the desired object.

A KING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A London paper says: "On Friday night there was seen the unusual spectacle of a veritable negro, black as a coal, sitting in the place of honor under the gallery which is set apart for the peers of England when they come down to listen to the debates in the Commons' House. The appearance of this gentleman in such a place excited a good deal of attention, and it was generally thought to be a mistake to place him there. 'Surely,' it was said, 'the gallery for strangers was good enough for a nigger; but to place him among peers was an error.' But on inquiry being made it was found that the colored gentleman bears a higher title than the proudest peer—for he is a veritable king; and not a king clogged by constitutional forms, but as despotic in his dominions as Louis Napoleon is in France—nay, more, for he is absolute; his will is law, and the life and property of every subject are entirely at his mercy. He is King of Bonny, on the western coast of Africa; and whom he will he can set up, and whom he will he can put down. His Majesty is an old man, and somewhat paralyzed in his limbs. He was introduced into the House by our metropolitan monarch, Mr. Thwaites. He talks English well, and his sway is as benevolent as it is despotic, we understand. One of his achievements deserves record. He has put down cannibalism in his dominions, and taught his subjects to feed upon the fruits of the earth instead of devouring one another."

FAILURE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The shareholders of the Eastern Steam Company have again discussed whether there are any means to raise sufficient capital to finish the *Great Eastern*, or whether she is to lie permanently, like the *Dreadnaught*, in the Thames, and ultimately, perhaps, be turned to similar use as a huge floating hospital, or be moored at Gravesend as a marine barrack or an emigrants' hotel. £220,000 must be obtained before she can start as a passenger vessel, and of this amount £95,000 consists of actual debts, for which the ship is liable, and which, under any circumstances, must be paid immediately. The recent offer on the part of the Company to grant annuities of £5 for eight years for a payment of £20, although excellent in principle, has not been responded to either by the shareholders or the public; and resolutions were accordingly adopted yesterday for the formation of a committee to devise some new plan. The directors, including Sir Joseph Paxton, who has only lately joined the concern to see what can best be done for the proprietors, have used every effort to extricate it from its difficult position: and even those who have been connected with it from the first were, doubtless, wholly misled as to the possible expenditure. It seems hard, therefore, that when so grand an experiment is ready for fulfillment it should be stopped indefinitely by the want of a sum like that now sought, and that from this cause the whole of what has already been expended may prove to have been thrown away.

HOW TO RECRUIT FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.

A gentleman who has recently returned from Australia stated the other day in public, that in Victoria alone there were no less than 20,000 male convicts, who were kept in chains and supported at an expense of about £300,000 a year to Great Britain; and he suggested that if those 20,000 persons were formed into twenty regiments of 1000 strong, and conveyed to India, they would be a valuable auxiliary to the forces there, and would likely fight the insurgents like "bull dogs."

MR. THACKERAY'S TROUBLES.

Mr. Thackeray has got into a squabble with another literary man. The correspondent of the *Times* thus tells the story: "Mr. Yates and Mr. Thackeray are fellow-members of the 'Garrick Club,' to which the better class of London Bohemians mainly resort; but they had, I believe, no particular personal relations of any sort. Mr. Yates being thus familiarized with the person and external ways of Mr. Thackeray, availed himself of the columns of a small weekly newspaper, hight the *Town Talk*, to publish therein what the *Saturday Review* calls a 'photograph' of the illustrious novelist. I inclose you a copy of the journal, and you will agree with me that the picture is by no means an agreeable one. It is, in fact, just such a picture as no wise man would willfully bring under the inspection of any 'friend' subject to the natural infirmities of human feeling—for it is a *caricature with resemblance*. But Mr. Thackeray forgot the wisdom of his own social lessons in the wrath of the moment, and wrote Mr. Yates a rather fierce and intemperate letter, demanding an apology. Mr. Yates replied, acknowledging that he regretted giving offense to Mr. Thackeray, but that he could not possibly 'retract or apologize' in the face of a letter such as he had just received. Thereupon Mr. Thackeray carried the case before the Committee of the Garrick Club, where it was taken up warmly by Mr. Dickens (I regret to say) in antagonism to Mr. Thackeray, vehemently discussed, and finally decided by a vote requesting Mr. Yates's resignation. Of course, the natural consequence of all this is, that every body has now read what scarcely any body had else ever seen."

A LOVE TRAGEDY.

A family in Belgravia (says the *Court Circular*) has been plunged into great grief from melancholy and most singular circumstances. When Sir Colin Campbell left England many brave and manly hearts accompanied him, among whom was the eldest son of a reverend prelate high in the Church. This young gentleman left a lady behind him to whom he was passionately attached and had promised to marry. Her fortune being small, the clerical dignitary threatened to disinherit his son if he did; and to alienate his affections from the party in question he was sent to India. His father charged him at his departure never to think of her more if he wished to be remembered by him. The lover got safe to his destination, but his heart beat with undiminished affection. He could not avoid communicating his constancy, and wrote to his beloved, assuring her that no threats or anger of his unfeeling parent should ever banish the tender recollection of their reciprocal passion. Having occasion at the same time to write to his father for additional supplies, he demanded them on the ground that he had renounced his mistress forever. By a most unfortunate accident the two letters came to England misdirected—the one intended for the parent falling into the hands of the lady, and that intended for the lady into those of the parent. The latter, on receipt of his epistle, sent back such an indignant answer as fully awakened the son to the consequences of the fatal mistake he had made in the direction of the letters. Fully alive to the finest sensibilities, and not able to combat a feeling of shame for the unintentional error he had committed, he shot himself.

FRANCE.

THE EMPRESS REWARDS THE HEROINE OF DJIDDA.

On the arrival of the accounts from the coast of Araby describing how that gallant girl Mademoiselle Eveillard, after the massacre of her father, the French consul, and her mother, whom she valiantly defended, killing a fanatic and fighting her way to the *Cyclops*, the Empress Eugenie at once declared she would act as a mother to her, and provide her with a suitable marriage portion. The maid of Djidda will now take rank with Judith of Bethulia, Celia of the Tiber, and the maids of Saragossa and of Orleans.

AMPHIBIOUS SOLDIERS.

The Paris papers say that several regiments of the Guard were exercised on Saturday morning, the 17th, in the Champ de Mars, under the command of General Melinet. During the manœuvres 200 of the 2d Regiment of Grenadiers were ordered to swim across the Seine just below the Point d'Iéna, and to discharge their muskets, as they did so, at an enemy supposed to be on the opposite bank. This movement was well-executed, and without any accident.

ANOTHER FLYING MACHINE.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* says: "The Emperor has just made a present of 5000 francs to a private in the line, who asserts he has discovered a solution for the great problem in aeronautics—the art of flying. He has invented a kind of air ship, consisting of a platform of silk stretched over whalebone, to be propelled by two gigantic wings of the same material, placed on each side. The aerial navigator is to be suspended at a distance of about four feet from the platform, while his feet rest on pedals, by means of which the wings are set in motion, while his arms rest on a lever which imparts to the platform the direction he chooses to give it. Only a model of this machine has yet been constructed, and it appears to work well. Thanks to the Emperor's munificence, it is now about to be constructed on a large scale."

AN EXTRAORDINARY OLD MISER.

The *Courier de Paris* contains the following: "A remarkable instance of the mania for hoarding up money has just been brought to light in the Faubourg St. Germain during the process of taking an inventory after the decease of an old woman, who for many years had lived in a very retired manner in that part of Paris. When the notary, who was engaged in this operation, went down into the cellar to take an account of what the place contained, his attention was attracted to a small opening just over a low door. This door was opened, and the notary found himself in presence of an immense pile of bags of money. In order to take them out and count their contents, he was obliged to send for nearly all the clerks of his office. There were in the bags a quantity of gold and foreign coins, but five-franc pieces formed the principal part of this rich store. Some of the bags were completely rotten, and fell to pieces on being touched. The inventory is not yet completed, but the amount of this treasure is estimated at not less than a million. The origin of this immense fortune is as follows: About ninety years ago a poor Savoyard boy from Chamouni came to Paris, and engaged himself in singing and dancing in the streets, and at other times in sweeping chimneys. At the end of a few years he had saved up a little money, and commenced business on his own account. By dint of industry and economy he at length became a wealthy man, married, and at his death left his widow 80,000 francs a year. She scarcely spent 6000 francs a year, and the remainder she put in bags, and threw through the above-mentioned opening into the sort of cupboard in the cellar, where these thousands of francs remained until she died, at the age of eighty-eight. She had besides purchased several houses, and was the owner of the Théâtre du Luxembourg. By her will she has left 200,000 francs to the hospices of the city of Paris, 300,000 francs to other charitable establishments, 20,000 francs to her servant, and some legacies to distant relatives of her husband, who still live in Savoy. Her notary and *avoué* are instituted her universal legatees."

DEATH IN BALL-DRESS.

The correspondent of the *Picayune* tells the following story: "At this season one hears almost every day of the house-warming of a villa in some neighboring village, as the entrance into possession of a rural residence furnishes one of the best pretexts possible for giving a party. A brilliant festival of this sort was given three days ago on the Fontainebleau railway; and as it was rather more formal than most of the entertainments given at this season of the year, the ladies were all in full dress. Among the guests was a brilliant young wife from Normandy. At two o'clock in the morning she quitted the rural lodge to return to Paris, and as she wore one of the steel cages and the number of petticoats now fashionable, she occupied the carriage alone, there was not room in it for another, and her husband followed in a brougham. At three o'clock in the morning they reached Paris; her husband got out of the brougham and opened the carriage door, calling her: "Pauline! Pauline! here we are at home!" There was no answer. He called again and louder than before, and he shook her by the shoulder. It was cold, strangely cold. "Are you unwell, dear? What is the matter? Speak!" He could gain no reply. Taking down one of the carriage lamps, he entered the carriage and found his wife dead! She had been suffering from an affection of the heart, but the doctors said it was cured; and now coming from a ball, in gay ball attire, with flowers on her head and rouge on her cheeks, death had come all unawares, before she could speak, while she lay dreaming of balls and all the follies of the world. Never does death seem more hideous than when it surprises its victim arrayed to play a part in the frivolous amusements of the hour!"

ANOTHER BALLOON ACCIDENT.

M. Godard, the aeronaut, and his two sons, made a double ascent on the 19th at Amiens. The sons went up together in a new balloon, and being favored with a fine breeze proceeded rapidly in a northerly direction. The one in which M. Godard, Sen., ascended was found to be defective, even while it was being filled, but he, nevertheless, persisted in ascending. He rose to a considerable height, when, from the escape of gas, the balloon was seen to descend with great velocity, amidst cries of alarm from the crowd. Fortunately, the covering of the balloon suddenly flew out, and formed a kind of parachute, and the aeronaut came on the terrace of a house without sustaining more injury than some slight scratches on the forehead and face.

GERMANY.

A JUSTIFIABLE ROBBERY.

At one of the gaming establishments in Germany, Baron de K—— had lost large sums at play, when one morning, on opening his secretary, he found that a sum of 40,000 florins had been abstracted from it, and what made the matter worse was that the thief was an old servant, named Fritz, who, from his long services, was treated as one of the family. The man had disappeared. Some time had elapsed after the discovery, and the young Baron had begun to be somewhat reconciled to the loss, when he one day met the servant walking along composedly in the street. "You rascal!" exclaimed the Baron, going up to the offender; but a knowing smile from Fritz somewhat surprised him. Questions and explanations followed, and the result was the delivery to the Baron of a receipt for the 40,000 florins from his own father, who, Fritz thought, would be a safer banker for his son than the proprietor of the gambling-house.

A STRAY DIAMOND WORTH A MILLION AND A HALF.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says: "During the last few days, a great diamond, the property of some strangers at Laibach, in Carniola, has been much talked of here. The travelers asked 3,000,000 florins ($1,500,000) for their jewel; but the police must have heard something to their disadvantage, as it has had them arrested and brought to this city. The nationality of the possessor of the stone is not known to me, but his two traveling companions are from France."

ITALY.

ESCAPE FROM THE POPE'S DUNGEON.

A feat *à la* Benvenuto Cellini, not to say *à la* Jack Sheppard, has just been performed by a French jeweler and watchmaker, likewise the proprietor of a large mosaic manufactory, long established in Rome, who was arrested by the French authorities on the evening of the festival of St. Peter, charged with having created a disturbance at the Porta del Popolo, insisting on driving in at that gate just before the girandola, and abusing and threatening the French soldiers stationed there. On account of the quarreling and conflicts which just then prevailed between French and Romans, the French general's orders were extremely stringent for the punishment of any such offenders, whether military or civilians, and the jeweler was consequently taken off to the Castle of St. Angelo to be tried by court-martial, a trial which it was generally inferred could not end without a condemnation to prison for a longer or shorter period. Meanwhile the prisoner's wife made every exertion in his behalf, and was upon the point of succeeding, it is said, in softening the severity of the general-in-chief, when the prisoner himself, disgusted with the monotony of Hadrian's Mole, or apprehensive of the result of the court-martial, or fearful that political accusations of anterior date might be reproduced against him to aggravate the case, thought proper to abscond from the safe custody of the French, by raising a part of the floor of his room, dropping into a corridor below, and passing down the winding stairs and out at the castle gate without being challenged by any of the sentries; from which fact it is inferred that he was provided with a military uniform to disarm any suspicion at his appearance. The French general is extremely angry at his escape. He has had all the sentries placed in arrest, and gens d'armes have been busily occupied in searching for the fugitive, whose own premises have been minutely but fruitlessly ransacked.

SWEDEN.

ROMANTIC FATE OF A LIBELER.

It was mentioned some time since that M. Lindalh, editor of the *Faederneslandet*, of Stockholm, had been condemned to be beheaded for having accused a young lady of that city of a horrible crime (the nature of which, however, was not stated). On the 2d of July, which was the day fixed for his execution, he said to his friends who were with him in the prison, "I am about to suffer a death which I have merited, and you will at least see that I die with courage." He then took some papers from a table and gave them into the care of the chaplain. One letter, sealed with black, was in a Bible; he took it out, and placed it in his bosom. "You will take this letter," he said, "after my death, and deliver it to the person to whom it is addressed. Now, gentlemen, let us go." "Very well, Sir," replied the director of the prison, "unless you apply for pardon to Mademoiselle Mendelsohn, who has the power to grant it and spare your life." "Proceed, gentlemen," said Lindalh, and at the same time taking the arm of the chaplain, with whom he conversed in a low tone, he descended the stair-case of the prison, and with a firm step crossed the court-yard which led to the platform where the scaffold had been erected, and where the block and the executioner with his axe were in readiness. Twelve persons, as required by the law, were present as witnesses. Lindalh stopped at the foot of the steps leading up to the scaffold, when his hands were tied behind him and his eyes bandaged. He then said, "Farewell, gentlemen; to those who have seen my life be careful to relate my death and my repentance," and began to ascend the steps. In a moment he felt his hands released and the bandage removed from his eyes; and, turning round, saw that it had been done by Mademoiselle Mendelsohn. "M. Lindalh," she said, "I pardon you!" He threw himself at her feet, and taking the letter from his bosom gave it to her, saying, "I accept your pardon, for my last thought was to implore it from your kindness; I felt sure that you would at least give it at my tomb."

NEW DANGERS FROM HOOPS.

The medical attendant of the Princess of Gothland asserts that crinoline is the reason that accouchements have lately become so dangerous and difficult. He adds, that this fashion is the source of a vast number of chills, the consequences of which are always almost mortal. If this gentleman is to be credited, crinoline has as many deaths to answer for in Sweden as the cholera.

RUSSIA.

PROGRESS OF THE EMANCIPATION SCHEME.

The Emperor has arrived at St. Petersburg from his visit to Archangel. The Central Committee for the Emancipation of the Serfs has drawn up regulations for the organization and administration of the rural communes, and for fixing the relations between the nobles and the serfs. This was done by the direction of the Government, and the Central Committee confided the task to a certain number of its body. The organization recommended is of such a nature that, if adopted, it would render the emancipation of the serfs perfectly illusory, and would therefore produce consequences of the greatest gravity. For example, it is enacted that each seigniorial estate shall form a commune, and that the noble owner shall be the chief of it. Each commune is to have an administration. One of its duties will be to divide the lands awarded by the noble, to impose taxes, and to decide on the admission of new, or the departure of old members of the commune. But no admission can be made, and no permission whatever to leave be granted, except with the express consent of the noble; and most of its decisions are not to be valid unless confirmed by him. In cases of insolence, disorder, or drunkenness, the noble can, of his own sole authority, inflict punishment not exceeding ten blows from a rod or three days' imprisonment. The chief of the commune can, in his absence, transfer all his powers to his steward. The project seems intended to fulfill a threat which many of the nobles make, and that is, to cause the situation of the serf to be not only no better, but even worse than before the emancipation.

INTENSE SPECULATION AT ST. PETERSBURG.

From the following extract of a letter from St. Petersburg, in the *Nord*, it appears that a speculating mania prevails in that city: "In passing the other day before a house in the Great Morskaia, I perceived numerous carriages stationed before the door, and up and down the street, with bodies of police, gens d'armes on horseback, and all the other indications of a numerous meeting. On inquiry I learned that the assemblage was caused by the putting up for sale of the shares of a new company of insurance against fire. The sale had been announced for two o'clock—it was then not quite ten—and yet while I was waiting it was announced that all the shares, 9000 in number, had been disposed of. Presently men rushed from the house in disorder, some of them with their clothes torn; and one of them told me that a great many had bribed the porter of the house, paying for permission to sleep on the stair-case, in order to be the first to reach the office in the morning. In addition to this, promises of shares were sold in the street at a premium of 20 and 25 per cent."

CROATIA.

MORE MOSLEM OUTRAGES ON CHRISTIANS.

A letter from Szisreck (Croatia), on the frontiers of Bosnia, of July 11, says: "We are most anxiously expecting the Archduke Leopold, who is now inspecting the fortifications of Agram, and whose presence is very necessary to the taking of measures for placing all this country in a state of security. Within the last two days upward of six thousand Christian rayahs from Bosnia have taken refuge on the Austrian territory, flying from the Turks, who commit all sorts of violence and excesses. These unfortunate people state that between the 26th and 28th of June more than one hundred and eighty young Christian girls were carried off by Turkish soldiers, and that after this outrage the fanatics devastated churches and pillaged houses. The Christians, who were some time since disarmed by Omar Pacha, defended themselves as they best could with plowshares, scythes, and pitchforks, and for a time they made a good face against their assailants, but on July 8, they were completely defeated and put to flight, with their women and children. Our authorities received them kindly, and distributed provisions among them.

TURKEY.

HOW THE PORTE PROPOSES TO COMPENSATE THE CHRISTIAN VICTIMS.

"It is related in diplomatic circles," says the *Journal du Havre*, "that Fuad Pacha has informed Count Walewski and Lord Cowley that the Porte is ready to pay Mademoiselle Eveillard, by way of indemnity, a sum of 150,000 francs, and a similar sum to the family of Mr. Page, the English vice-consul."

FANATICISM IN CANDIA.

A letter from Canea, in Candia, gives the following details of the late events in that town, mentioned by telegraph: "On the evening of the 2d, a Mussulman shopkeeper was murdered in his shop by a Greek, assisted, it is said, by two accomplices. The Greek was immediately arrested, brought to trial before the council, and, as he confessed his guilt, condemned to death. A capital judgment requires the consent of the chief of the Turkish religion, and the Mollah gave it, but in the regular form, that is, with the proviso that the judgment should not be executed until after an appeal to Constantinople. When the murder of the Mussulman by the Greek became known, great agitation was caused among the Mussulman population. A crowd assembled in front of the shop of the victim, and uttered menaces of death against all Christians, and bands paraded the streets crying out for vengeance. They accordingly proceeded, carrying the body with them, to the place of meeting of the council, and clamorously demanded that the assassin should be delivered up. An extraordinary scene then took place in the council. Vely Pacha refused to sign the necessary order; Bedran Pacha, formerly a Kurdish chief, said he would sooner see his three sons die before him than consent to such a piece of cowardice; and Remzy Effendi also refused to sign. All at once reports of musketry were heard in front of the house; the people were firing, not on the troops, who were drawn up in the rear, but in the air. Ahmet Pacha jumped up angrily, and cried to Vely Pacha, 'Pacha, see the result of your disobedience to my orders—sign, then, I tell you!' 'You may do what you will,' answered Vely Pacha, 'but I will not sign!' 'Well, then, I care not for your signature,' cried Ahmet, in a great rage; 'let the Greek be given up, let him be strangled, and let him be dragged to the market-place!' No sooner were these words uttered than Ahmet's servants, together with a number of the populace, rushed to the prison—they had no cord, and an officer of the Imperial navy, specially attached to Ahmet, cut off a cord which was round a trunk, and gave it them. The prison doors were then broken open, and in a few moments the unfortunate Greek was strangled. The dead body, with the chains in which the man had been bound still attached to it, was then for the long space of two hours dragged about the streets of the town, by a furious and horrible crowd, shouting and yelling. This crowd in its progress stopped before the European consulates, and shouted, 'Hurrah! Let us show to these dogs that we also can obtain what we demand!' The stay before the French consulate having been rather long, Chefik Effendi, one of the members of the council, cried, 'Go on! Drag along the dog!' and the horrible *cortége* continued its course."

INDIA.

SUFFERINGS OF THE TROOPS FROM HEAT.

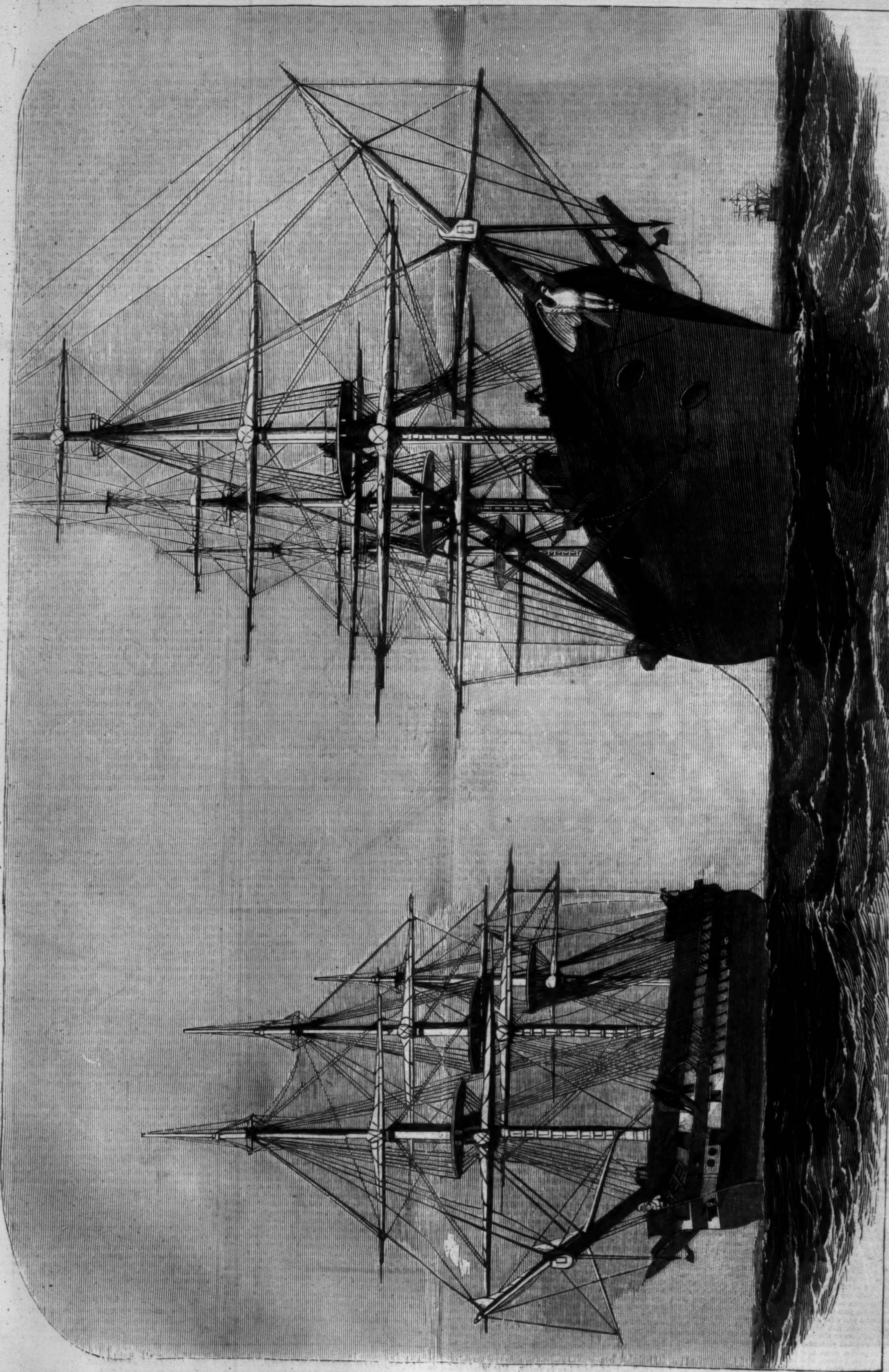
The India dates are of Calcutta to June 19. Oude was still very unsettled. The heat was terrific, and the British troops had suffered greatly. The sun has been more deadly than the enemy. The troops are being housed until the fierce heat is over. The season is the hottest known for twenty-five years.

CHINA.

CAPTURE OF THE PEI-HO FORTS.

Advices from China are to the 1st of June, and contain full accounts of the capture of the forts in the Pei-ho.

Negotiations having failed, the Chinese were attacked on the 19th of May by the English and French, and the forts captured with much loss. The Chinese fought well. Ninety-eight guns were captured. The loss of the enemy is supposed to be very heavy.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION—THE "AGAMEMNON" AND "NIAGARA" LAYING THE CABLE IN MID OCEAN.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION—THE "NIAGARA" AND THE "AGAMEMNON" IN THE GALE.—[See First Page.]

PET WORMS.

THAT is a funny name for a story, isn't it? Can you imagine such pets? Well, I suppose not; but I actually knew two little girls who were enthusiastically fond of some worms which they cherished and fed, and kept in wooden boxes, with great care.

I don't think myself it was very natural to fall in love with worms; but these little friends of mine chose to have something different from common pets; and so they decided on worms, as being very unique.

I never heard that these *elongations* returned the care and pains bestowed upon them with the least affection or gratitude; but this abated not a whit the devotion of their little mistresses.

The children lived opposite each other; and early in the morning I sometimes heard them calling across from one piazza to the other:

"Jenny, how is your worm this morning?"

"Oh, very well, Edith; it has eaten nearly half a rose-leaf for its breakfast. I think it is growing beautifully!"

"The darling!" returns Edith. "Won't you bring it over to see mine before school? I think it must be lonely without its companion."

A few minutes, and an immense, flapping, broad-brimmed hat, sheltering two white legs, would fly across the road, and then the two voices, modulating, talked in sympathetic confidence.

"Only think, Edith! Ella Clark told Mary Fay that she thought we were the silliest girls she ever knew to be so fond of two dirty worms."

"Ella has never kept one, and so, of course, she knows nothing about the pleasure of it, Jenny. Besides, they are not dirty—they are perfectly clean. Oh, see mine! It is crawling round the edge of the box. Perhaps it is playing that it is a battlemented castle."

"Perhaps it is. And just see mine; it wants to come too. Will you let it walk on the edge of your box?"

"Oh yes, certainly; they will be happier playing together. Jenny, suppose we name our worms!"

"Well (*joyfully*), suppose we do! I will call mine *Wriggle*."

"And mine shall be named *Crawly*."

"Oh! what nice, appropriate names!"

Thus, as you see, Edith and Jenny really enjoyed their pets with all the earnestness of their natures.

Now it is always the case where you love and receive no return for your affection its strength gradually dies away; so the ardor of their feelings began to diminish, when, after several weeks of tender care, they found that Messrs. Wriggle and Crawly showed no signs of attachment, but, on the contrary, lay more stupidly than ever in the sand on the bottom of their boxes.

It was at this stage of affairs that, one morning, I overheard another conversation between the two little friends.

"Jenny dear, don't you admire canary birds, and parrots, and such things?"

"Oh, *so* much, dear Edith! They always get so tame and affectionate when you take good care of them."

A pause.

"Jenny, do you love your worm as you once did?"

"I am afraid I don't, Edith. Do you?"

"No, I believe not."

Another pause.

"Will you throw yours away if I'll throw mine away?"

"Why—no, Edith—I would rather not throw it away; because then all our time and care will have been thrown away too."

"Well, then, what shall we do? Keep them, and try to love them again?"

"Yes—no—I have thought of a plan, Edith! Let us ask our papas to bring us each a bird in a cage. They have seen how faithful we have been to our worms, and will be very willing, I am sure, to trust us with the care of more valuable creatures; then our labor will have been for a use."

"How, Jenny? I don't see."

"Don't you? Why, just as the farmer cares for and fattens his pigs and his ducks to feed his little children, just so we will have fattened our worms to feed our birds."

Edith was charmed; and they both ran to their papas, who were talking together at the gate, to beg of them this favor. The result was their bringing out, at night, to each little daughter, a beautiful wire cage, containing, one, a fine mocking-bird, and the other, a pretty German lark.

The children thought these were pets worth having; and as for the birds, they believed they had found first-rate quarters, when, early next morning, they were each presented with *a fine cultivated worm*, which neither lost any time in swallowing, and stood upon their perches with wide, expectant looks, waiting for more.

DOWN AT THE GRANGE.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I first came to Woodislee, I came as curate, for the incumbent was near ninety years of age, and very infirm. I had a hundred pounds a year, and the little cottage that is now in ruins close by the old church, to live in, and never dreamed to have done better. That would have been enough and to spare, indeed—without my good wife here and the four little ones of course, who then were not in the question—for the place is not a dear one as to living. The Brent, which you have seen, runs by our door, supplied me well with trout, and I was my own fishmonger. A knife and fork, too, were always laid for me at the Squire's board; and on Sundays, without exception, I was there to use them. No mere bluff country magnate was Mr. Markham:

> A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
> A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
> And pamphleteer on guano and on grain.

Or rather, he had all the qualities of such a man, and finer ones besides: a good scholar, an elegant musician, and a gentleman, as I discovered at the first; who pleased my Oxonian fancy with his classics, and knew the literature of his own land also at least as well; who played on flute and violin divinely; and who, when lords and bishop and county families rayed round his table, remembered not the less—a virtue very rare in hosts—the curate of Woodislee. Of his real worth and goodness I knew more as I knew him longer; his open hand, his kindly heart, are dear even to speak of. I bring one proof of them, not stronger than I could select from a crowd of others, nor better witnessed, although it affects myself. The Sunday after poor Mr. Melville—the old incumbent—died, I was, as usual, at the Grange; and, as was natural, our talk fell, after dinner, upon his loss and on the future vicar.

"I have appointed one in my own mind," said Mr. Markham; "and if he chooses to accept the living—as there is no reason whatever for delay—he will read himself in within the month or so: a young man not over-rich, who knows the people here, and is well liked by them."

"I fear then, Sir, he will not want a curate, since the parish is so small?"

"No; I fear not, Grantley. We shall be sorry to lose you, although we have seen so little of each other; but I will have you in my eye be sure, as will my wife, in whose way curacies come somehow more than they do in mine." And so we parted company for that time with a hearty handshake.

Ah, what a wife that Mrs. Markham was! a fair blithe woman then, with auburn hair just dusted o'er with gold, and wearing her thirty summers like a flower. She, with her pleasant smile, was the fit messenger to tell me ere the month was up that I myself was the new vicar of Woodislee. She took as great delight to bring the news as I to hear it. "The vicarage is yours," said she; "and may this please you, Mr. Grantley, as it pleases us. It was not with my will that it was kept a secret from you for so long; but you know my husband loves his kindly joke."

It was not likely after this that I should become less their friend; and indeed the Markhams and myself were forever together. Both as clergyman and as familiar intimate, my intercourse grew very close with them indeed. I learned (with pains enough) even to join their little concerts in the hall; I read with them old plays in winter evenings; and the vicarage was almost less my home than was the Grange. I am not sure that they did not choose my wife for me—if so, I have the greatest gift of all to thank them for; and they stood both of them as sponsors to my eldest boy. About two years after I had been installed as vicar, I began to observe a great strangeness in Mrs. Markham. She grew absent, started when addressed—especially if by her husband—wasted visibly, and lost in part her pleasant looks. The Squire did not see this; she had always a smile to greet him with, however she might look to others; and would watch him sometimes, when he was not regarding her, with a concentration of affection in her gaze more intense than ever. Another change was this: the Squire's fortune being very large, his wife had a most liberal allowance, and kept quite a little establishment of her own. Her charities, besides those that were in common with his, were extensive. When any persons needed help beyond that which I was justified in giving, I had been accustomed to apply to her as readily as to him; but now her alms at first diminished, and then altogether ceased. She parted, under some frivolous pretense, with her carriage and ponies, and, from being rather fastidious and choice in her attire, she came to dress with great simplicity, and almost ill; so that upon that point her husband rallied her. One night she was singing with us in the hall, as usual, a favorite Scotch song of his that she had sung a hundred times before, when her voice suddenly trembled, as though her heart was breaking, and she burst into a fit of tears. It was one of those exquisite melodies of Burns upon the domestic affections, and Markham spoke touchingly to me afterward of that excessive fondness of his wife's for him which had so completely overmastered her. "If I were to be taken from her," said he, "I do believe dearest Jane would die."

Certainly, to watch her anticipating his slightest wish, and listening to his every word as though it were to be his last, it might well seem so. Upon my venturing to remark to him that she was generally in by no means good health, and not in her usual spirits, he thanked me, and was nervously alive to this at once; and thinking a little company might cheer her, he sent for his maiden sister from the north to spend some time with them—a quiet elderly lady, very excellent, but not in any way gifted as her brother and sister-in-law were. We two struck up an acquaintance very soon, and the Squire was wont to make facetious allusions to it which would have been embarrassing from any body else. She soon filled up, in some measure, that position of Lady Bountiful in the parish which Mrs. Markham had abdicated—although I confess she somewhat lacked the gracefulness of her well-doing—and evidently to that lady's satisfaction. It left her more to herself, and at liberty to retire to her chamber or elsewhere, as had now become her favorite custom. This, combined with the other peculiarities in her conduct, although still vailed from her husband's notice, did not escape the quick womanly eye of Miss Markham.

"I can not think," said she, as we were taking a parochial walk together about three weeks after her arrival, "what change has come over Jane. If we did not know herself and George to have been the most loving couple that ever breathed, I should be inclined to think her an unhappy wife; and if I were not thoroughly convinced of the badness of her late husband, that she was regretting his loss."

I had never heard until that moment of Mrs. Markham having been ever a widow, and I expressed my surprise strongly.

"Indeed!" said my companion. "I had made certain that they had intrusted you with that revelation; but since you are aware of so much, you may now just as well know all."

CHAPTER II.

"MRS. MARKHAM, whom, you perceive, even at this time, charming and almost perfect as she appears, to be extraordinarily sensitive and unsuspicious of evil, was, as Miss Jane Raby, romantic to the last degree. She eloped at school, at the age of seventeen, with an adventurer named Heathcote. I never saw him myself, but I have been told that he was in youth extremely handsome, and gifted with some attractive but superficial talents. After living together a short time in great unhappiness, so far as Jane was concerned, he deserted her, and sent her back to her friends. He did not appear again for years. He must have treated the poor girl very brutally, to account for the horror and absolute loathing which she entertained for him. He knew that she did so, and used that knowledge for his own profit. He had openly boasted that 'he had not married a milksop like her for nothing, but for her money;' and the moment which secured to her her property, the very day on which she became of age, brought this harpy to her side again. She bought him off with ransoms, then and at many other times, as the civilized nations in old time bought off the savage, and with the like result—he became more frequent and extravagant in his demands. When I say that he was a systematic gambler and a drunkard, I believe that I have mentioned only his lighter foibles. The relics of her original fortune only remained to her, when he required of her a blank check to be filled up at his own pleasure. This, backed by her paternal uncle, and sole relative, in whose house she was then residing, she steadily refused to give him; and Heathcote, uttering the most frightful threats, was obliged to content himself with a draft drawn by Mr. Raby upon his own banker for a hundred pounds. He drew it merely to save his niece, who was in an agony of terror from her husband's violence, and to get the man out of the house as quickly as possible; but, as the matter turned out, this was the luckiest thing in the world. Heathcote altered the 'one' upon the order to 'five,' and the number '100' to '500,' and so got the check changed by the commission of a felony. The next time that this fellow came for his merciless tax—which was soon enough—Mr. Raby had a policeman in waiting for him. 'If,' said that gentleman, 'you ever again attempt to persecute my unhappy niece, I transport you for the term of your natural life. You may thank her alone that I suffer you to escape your just punishment this time. If it rested with me only—and luckily the proof of your penal crime does rest with me, and with no "milksop"—you should be shipped off as soon as law could ship you.' Heathcote hectored a good deal, and strove to obtain an interview with his poor wife; but Mr. Raby was firm. He told him out one hundred five-pound notes, and inclosed them in a cover, whereupon he wrote his own name and address, to remind him of this compact, telling him that it was the last handwriting and the last shilling of his that he should see. The conditions of gift were, that the recipient should depart for Australia forthwith, and never set foot again in England. 'The fellow five hundred, the forged check, Sir, is in my own possession, and, if I ever see your face again, shall be produced in a court of law'—which penalty the other, there being no help for it, agreed to. Heathcote's brutality must have been something excessive to have trodden all traces of love out of a heart like Jane's; but he had quite succeeded in so doing. Although she had not consented to her uncle's threat being held over him—and happy was it that it did not rest with her to use it—she could not but feel comfort from the event. Six months' experience of freedom did wonders in restoring her roses and lightening her heart of a sorrow that seemed likely to crush it altogether. She began to move about less like an automaton, to wear the smile of content, if not of merriment, and to be in some sort like the Jane Raby of five years before. Then came some news which made her serious and silent a while, but could scarce have made her sad: Heathcote was dead in the bush, slain by the hand of one of his own wicked companions. In a concealed pocket within his vest was found the roll of bank-notes in their still unbroken cover. It had escaped the eyes of his murderer, or the passing by of some honest settlers had disturbed him in his unfinished search. They forwarded the parcel to Mr. Raby, with a narration of these facts. A year after this event, it would have been impossible to recognize the spirit-bowed and fragile Mrs. Heathcote in the by no means inconsolable widow which she had then become. Thanks to her brief matrimonial career, she was not rich, but beautiful and happy as you see her now, Mr. Grantley, or rather as you did see her until within these few months. My brother married her with the full knowledge of her former life, and has never had a moment's cause, as he says himself, to regret his choice."

This narration, which the kind-hearted but misdoubting little old maid made piquant with various garnishments of her own, in the way of flings at the foolishness of young girls, and the futility of early marriages, did not much enlighten me as to what was ailing with poor Mrs. Markham, although it increased my interest in her fortunes. Her conduct toward myself remained unaltered, or was marked by even greater communicativeness. She put to me several hypothetical cases of conscience, of which I could see no possible bearing on herself, and begged me, as a clergyman, to give her my best opinion on the subject. She told me that she had often bewailed the having no children, which she had once considered to be the sole blessing that had been denied her; but that now she thanked God she was childless. The horrible thought began to cross me that my dear benefactress and firm friend was going out of her mind; and that idea grew stronger, although Miss Markham shook her head at it, and hoped it might be no worse. She is as good a person as ever lived; but she had the weakness of her order, which somehow is always to think the worst that can be of all her sex. But when I had seen Mrs. Markham come out of the firwood, under the sandcliff, a little after sunrise one morning, and she told me, pale as a spectre, and quivering in every limb, that she had only been to get an appetite for breakfast; when she asked me at another time for the loan of twenty pounds for a very pressing emergency, and begged me to keep it secret; and when I coupled with these things her piteous endeavors, so transparent to myself and her sister-in-law, to conceal her unhappy condition at all times—a mark most significant of an unsettled brain—I felt quite sure of my painful surmise being but too true. I was even debating how to break this horror to Mr. Markham, that remedial measures might be resorted to before it was too late, when a circumstance occurred which changed my suspicions into a certainty even still more terrible.

CHAPTER III.

IT was on a Tuesday, in the mid-summer, and the Squire was gone to a meeting, likely to be a stormy one, upon education, at the neighboring town; Miss Markham, ever desirous of a little shopping, had accompanied him, and I had intended to have done so likewise, had not the illness of a parishioner suddenly prevented it. His case requiring certain aliments which were not within the scope of our resources at the vicarage, I walked down to the Grange, according to custom, to request that they might be sent to the sick man's cottage. Mrs. Markham was not within; but the beauty of the afternoon enticed me upon the terrace, the extremity of which communicated with the walled garden. The gate was always kept locked, I knew, and only the Squire and the head-gardener had the keys of it. Sauntering slowly along upon the turf, and drinking in the prospect dreamily, I had reached the extremity of the walk, and was about to turn, when I heard the whispering of voices. I could not see who the persons were, for they were behind the wall in the garden close below me; they had no business there, I knew, and had probably come after some very choice melons of the Squire's. I made no scruple, therefore, of listening; but after the first few words, I felt as though I would have given both my ears rather than have done so.

"I tell you, Jane, that now or never is the time. There is a heap of money in his desk to-day which will go to the bank to-morrow. Markham is away at Ruffham, and it will not kill him when he comes to find it gone."

"Never!" said a clear full voice which I knew to be Mrs. Markham's. "I will die first. I will go away with you yourself before I would rob my husband."

"Your husband?" said the other with a sneer. "Pooh, pooh! you need not be so squeamish for a few pounds, since you are in for so many pennies already. Why, you've made free of hundreds—"

"Not a shilling!" she interrupted, vehemently; "not one single shilling have you touched of his. My own luxuries, my comforts, the wants of God's own poor, have gone to support your profligacy; but not one farthing of *his*, Heaven knows."

"Jane," said the ruffian, slowly, "take you good heed to what I say: I'll blow upon you, and tell all to his face. I'll carry you off, I swear it, before his very eyes. What you have known of me hitherto is nothing to what you shall know of me when you and I come to live together again." I seemed to see and feel through the wall itself the shudder that ran through that poor lady's frame at these words. If I had thought the worst of her, instead of being assured, as I then was, that her wicked husband, Heathcote, was indeed alive, and persecuting her with a power more terrible than ever, my heart would not have bled for her less painfully, my indignation against him would not have risen higher; but as it was, my teeth were grinding in my wrath, and my stick was furiously gripped, as though it were a sword. Silently, like a thief in the night, I stole down to the wall, and setting my feet in some convenient crevices, peered cautiously above it. Both, luckily, had their faces turned away from me; but I could see, even on the man's back, scoundrel and coward written. His poor wife's wrongs and goodness, and all that I had heard of his brutality, swept over me in a sea of indignation. Oh, for one quarter of an hour of my college-days, before I had put on that ecclesiastical garb! Oh, to have given him ever so brief an example of that "one, two," which I remember to have had some skill in, in the by-gone time! My years and profession, indeed, were already so far forgotten, that I rather wished he might just have laid his hand upon her in his rage. My stick was an ashen one, and would not have broken for some time, I think. He wanted to do it, I could see by his twitching fingers; the bowed and trembling, but still graceful figure; the appealing sobs, of which I could only guess the meaning; the young life withered and struck down in its joy by his cruel threats and presence—they moved him not one jot. I dared not trust myself to look any longer, but resumed my station at the foot of the wall. After a storm of menaces, met by almost hysteric expostulations that grew feebler every moment, I heard him say: "You know where I am to be found, woman; and if what I demand does not come to my hand within the next eight-and-forty hours, I come to this house as surely as you are my wife and claim you." I heard a fall upon the ground, and knew that his poor victim had fainted; but I waited until the wretch—who heeded her no more than if she were a log—had left the garden and plunged swiftly into the copse that fringed its northern side. I ran in then at the open door, lifted Mrs. Markham from the path, and revived her at the spring that flowed hard by. She was afraid, on coming to herself, to look up at me, taking me for Heathcote; but I told her how I had walked in, seeing the gate open, and expect-

ing to find her gardening, and how I feared the heat had been too much for her. She was ice-cold, poor thing! but she murmured: "Yes, the heat, it was the heat!" as I supported her homeward up the hill. I got away immediately, and, pretending a telegraphic message, packed up a little carpet-bag, drove down to the railway station at full speed, and arrived in time for the up express, as I had hoped.

CHAPTER IV.

On the next Wednesday at noon I was back again, and at once took my way down to the Grange. Mrs. Markham had been very ill, I heard, and was now no better; the Squire was even then at her bedside. I sent for him upon the plea of very urgent business, and he came down into the library at once. If I had not been in his own house, and expecting to meet no other but himself, I should not have known him. His eyes were swollen and dull, his gait tottering, and his features white and drawn like the face of a dead man. She had told him all at last; his first and only love, his true devoted wife, the partner of six happy, happiest years, was to be torn from him by another, and doomed to a life of misery.

"Grantley," said he, in a hollow, unnatural tone, "I have that to tell you which will wring your heart, I know—it has already broken mine." He had fallen into a chair, like one whose limbs refused to sustain him, and the tears coursed down his cheeks unchecked and unconcealed.

"Markham," said I, "I know all—every thing—more, I think, than you can tell me. Your agony is not for yourself, but for your—for her, I am well assured. She shall not be dragged away. Be comforted. He shall never touch a hair of her head."

His despairing eyes turned toward me not without a touch of hope. I was about to speak further, when the front-door bell rang gently.

"The man is come," groaned the poor Squire, as if inexorable fate had laid its very hand upon his shoulder.

"Show him in," said I to the servant, for his master seemed to have lost all power of speech. For my part, I drew a hopeful augury from that delicate bell-ringing; a ruffian that had nothing to fear would have pulled with both his hands.

Heathcote slouched in with an insolent air, half sneak, half bully.

"I don't want the parson to hear what I have got to say to you," were his first words.

Mr. Markham, who kept his back turned toward him, waved his hand to me in sign that I should speak for him.

"You may say whatever you will," said I, quietly. "I am aware of the object of your coming. You want to extort the money from this gentleman which you tried to persuade another to steal from his own desk."

"Oh, she told, did she?" said the villain, with a diabolical smile. "It will be the worse for her presently, that's all."

"No, Sir, she did not—if you mean your wife, Mrs. Heathcote. Ay, Sir," added I, as he started back, "we are aware of all that, and very much more. You were overheard in the garden. There is more than one thing known—*witnessed*—Henry Heathcote, of your old doings, which you are not aware of."

I saw him turn as pale as the poor Squire himself. "Whether or no," said he, after a little, "I shall have the money or I shall have my wife, who has committed bigamy; whichever that gentleman there pleases."

"That gentleman," said I, as I observed Mr. Markham was about to speak, "is not to be intimidated month after month, as Mrs. Heathcote was, into supplying your bottomless purse. Nay, Sir, your oath is not to be trusted. I hold in my hand a warrant for your apprehension, procured yesterday from Hampshire by Mr. Raby, upon a charge of forgery, the proof of which I have now with me. The consequences are upon your own head, remember; and when you leave this house, it will be for a jail."

"I was quite prepared for this, Sir," said the ruffian, with a look of indescribable malice. "Mrs. Markham that was will, however, accompany me to prison. Fine food for the scandal of the county that will be; and a good convict's wife she will make to me in my banishment, without doubt."

Mr. Markham writhed like one in torture upon his chair. We were indeed in the man's power, as he said, and my journey into Hampshire had been but of small service. One desperate course, however, which had been suggested by Mr. Raby, was left to me, and I tried it. "Miserable man," said I, sternly, "do you, then, dare to force us to extremities? You scoff at banishment; but what say you to the gallows? You—" I strode up to the trembling wretch, and laying my hand upon his shoulder, whispered aloud, "You murderer!"

The sweat stood out upon his pallid brow, his knees smote together, and his hair seemed absolutely to bristle up, so abject was his terror.

"Mercy! mercy! I never found the notes," he murmured.

"No," said I; "but here is the packet," and I produced it; "and red with the blood that still cries out against you!" At the sight of this frightful evidence the coward knelt upon the floor, and covered his face with his hands.

"Rise, wretch—go!" thundered the Squire, who had risen up like a man returned to life from the grave. "Here is money—the sum that you demanded—take it. If ever again these eyes of mine light on you, as sure as there is a sun in heaven I hang you!"

The cast-down, half-paralyzed figure of Mr. Markham seemed to dilate as he said these words; he looked like some incarnate Nemesis denouncing a certain vengeance upon the creature at his feet. It gathered itself up like a stricken hound, seized the proffered notes without daring to look up into the donor's face, and rushing out of the door and from the house, as though the executioner was even then upon his heels, sped away under the flaming eye of noon from Woodislee, forever.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Raby's guess had been a true one. The pocket of Heathcote had been picked by one of his wicked companions in the bush, and he had murdered the thief for the purpose of recovering the packet, in which hope he had been foiled. This having been found upon the body, had been judged conclusive to identify it with his own remains; and for these so many years he had not dared to show himself in civilized parts to gainsay it, but had lived the marauding life of a bushranger. Tired of this, and having by a successful pillage obtained enough money for his transit homeward, he had ventured back to England. Finding his unfortunate wife well married and in such great happiness, his hatred of her was redoubled, and his determination strengthened to persecute her further, at all hazards. The poor lady had never before had strength of mind to reveal his extortions, nor the horrid truth of his being still in existence; and now her confession, and the certainty of having to leave her beloved Markham for this dreadful husband, had brought her into the most dangerous state. She had prayed for death more fervently than any dying man for life. When, therefore, the Squire had carried up to her the result of my interview with Heathcote—for he did not needlessly distress her with the account of his new atrocity, and of the means whereby he had finally got rid of him—she was almost beside herself with joy. Her gratitude toward me was without bounds, and as she strove to raise her attenuated form from her couch to receive and thank me, tears choked her utterance. The Squire was but little more composed. With their mutual confidence, which had been but this once broken, quite restored, and their very life-blood, as it seemed, set once more flowing in their veins, it fell to me to wake them from their dream of new-found happiness, by reminding them of the real position in which they stood. The reaction from the extremity of despair to the certainty of safety had been too great to admit of any thoughts save those of unalloyed content. Good and Christian man as the Squire was, the circumstance of Mrs. Markham being still the lawful wife of Heathcote—whatever that man's character might be—and therefore making her continuance at the Grange impossible, had never once occurred to him. The man having been thoroughly got rid of, and all idea of personal annoyance at an end, Mr. Markham had dissociated her in his mind from all relations with her first husband at once. The poor lady must have indeed thought often of her sad case, but had put it from her, probably, as something too horrible to be dealt with justly; nevertheless she was the first to see the rightness of the path which it was my duty as a clergyman to point out to both of them. If ever there was a case wherein spirit and letter seemed at war; if ever one wherein an innocent error seemed to be more terribly avenged than crime itself, I acknowledged that it was this of theirs. My heart was wrung for them to its core; but I had no glimmer of doubt as to what was necessary for them to do. Tenderly, but firmly, I put it before them; and before I had done, Mrs. Markham sighed to me that it was enough. "I go," said she, "dearest George, at once, while I have still strength to travel."

"The vicarage, madam, is of course your home as long as you please."

"I thank you, dear Mr. Grantley, but I leave Woodislee," said she, "as far behind as possible this very night."

"And I," chimed in the good little old maid, whom we had almost forgotten—she had been so silent a spectator; "and I with you, sister Jane, to the end of the world, if you will. She is my care, George, from henceforth, for I have wronged her in my heart."

The Squire's grief was terrible to witness; but he made no opposition. Miss Markham had a small estate in a distant county, to which it was arranged that the two ladies should immediately remove. Boxes were hurriedly packed, the traveling-chariot ordered to the door, and, after such a leave-taking as, I trust, does not often fall to the lot of mortals, the invalid was lifted in, in a fainting state, and borne away swiftly into the night. Darkly, indeed, it fell upon the Grange, where the widower was left mourning for the wife that was yet alive. Weeks and months passed by, but he would not be comforted. The sketch-book on the table, the piano in the hall, the flowers that her graceful hands had tended in and about the house, the garden wherein she had loved to busy herself, her favorite walks, the very prospect which her soul had so delighted in, were robbed of all their charms for him at once. Tears instead of smiles sprang forth at the sight of them; horror was born of them in place of joy—skeletons of their former selves wherefrom the glory had departed, and into which the life was no more breathed. As kind and as good as ever, his cheerfulness seemed quite to have forsaken him, and he was growing old at heart and gray on head apace. Mrs. Heathcote—for she had reassumed her former name—never wrote one line to him, nor he to her; but his sister corresponded with the Squire daily, and to receive those letters, and to talk with me and others who had known her of his departed wife, was his sole pleasure.

It was some two years after the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Markham that I exchanged my vicarage at Woodislee for the summer months, on account of the sickliness of my eldest child, for a parish on the sea-coast, and, with much difficulty, I got the Squire to accompany us. The novelty of the mode of life and scene were somewhat befriending him, and long excursions on the water affording him most amusement, I persuaded him to take them continually. One evening while he was thus employed I was suddenly sent for to the beach, to see what could be done for a poor fellow who had fallen off the cliff. He was, the messenger told me as we hurried along, a well-known accomplice of the smugglers infesting that part of the coast, and had met with this accident, it was supposed, while signaling to some of them the approach of a revenue cutter. A little crowd had gathered round him on the shore; but not evincing that sympathy which is usually felt among the poor in places of that sort for victims to the excise-laws. They had, however, furnished him with a mattress, and were giving him water. He was speechless and scarcely sensible, they said; but a glance at his terrified eyes as I came up convinced me to the contrary. Mangled as he was about the head, and altered by what appeared to me to be the certain approach of death, I recognized the wretched Heathcote at once. He was borne, by my directions, to the nearest cottage, and a man on horseback dispatched for medical help, although I saw it could be of little avail. I remained by his bedside all through that night, and it was a fearful one. When the doctor told him that without doubt he was a dying man I thought it would have killed him on the instant. "I have done every thing that is horrible, and nothing good, my whole life long," he said. I gave him such comfort as I could with truth afford him, and urged him to penitence and prayer. His murder, his felony, and whatsoever other crimes he may have committed, did not seem to oppress him so heavily as his treatment of his poor wife. "An angel, an angel," he repeated constantly, "and I was a fiend to her. Markham—Markham, he will make her happy yet. Poor Jane!" "Poor Jane!" were his last words. When, after his burial, I told the Squire this, he was affected to tears. "My hatred of that man," said he, "has stood between me and heaven, I believe; but I forgive him all."

In twelve months' time from that forgiveness he stood within this church upon the hill at Woodislee, and was married afresh unto Jane Heathcote by me. It was a happier day than any of us had hoped to see at the Grange again. The only person who shed a single tear was dear little Miss Markham; but that is her way of expressing intense satisfaction. Not a villager was there who did not rejoice in their joy, from the ancient clerk of eighty years, who kissed the bride's hand at the door, to the little school-children, who scattered flowers before her feet. There is very little else to tell. Besides, see! there comes toddling up to us a little fellow, before whom nothing further must be said; a pleasant-looking, handsome lad, with the smile—the old smile that is worn again now—of his mother. Once upon a time, I remember, she said that she was happy not to have him; but they were both glad at the Grange, too, I think, to welcome the young Squire.

DREAM-SPINNING.

All yesterday I was spinning,
Sitting alone in the sun;
And the dream that I spun was so lengthy,
It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow
That flitted over the hill,
Or the humming bees, or the swallows,
Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the threads for my spinning,
All of blue summer air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer,
The evening wind passed by,
And the purple splendor of sunset
Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,
For so fair my dream had grown,
I heeded not, hour by hour,
How the silent day had flown.

At last the gray shadows fell round me,
And the night came dark and chill,
And I rose and ran down the valley,
And left it all on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning
To the place where my spinning lay,
There was nothing but glistening dew-drops
Remained of my dream to-day.

DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

We take from the *Englishwoman's Magazine* the following very interesting and touching sketch of a lady who, we are happy to know, is now highly successful in her profession in this city, and counts her friends, admirers, and clients by the scores:

Elizabeth Blackwell was the eldest of a family of seven, thrown with their mother on the world by the early death of their father in embarrassed circumstances. She had a severe struggle for some years, striving to maintain herself and help the junior branches by teaching. At length, having by inconceivable self-denial saved a little money, she entered upon a course of education for the profession of a physician, being of opinion that women are fitted to become medical practitioners, and that she would be doing her sex some service by showing them the way. It will be found in the ensuing extract, what difficulties, in addition to those of poverty, she had to overcome before the attainment of her wishes.

"In May, 1847, after three years of incessant application, during which the closest study had occupied every moment not engaged in teaching, she left Charleston, and went to Philadelphia, where she endeavored to obtain admittance to the medical schools, but without success. The physicians at their head were either shocked or angry at her request, and the doors of all those schools were closed against so unprecedented an application; and finding it impossible to avail herself of the facilities provided for students of the other sex, she now entered upon a course of private anatomical study and dissection with Professor Allen, and of midwifery with Dr. Warrington, of Philadelphia. But although she could undoubtedly learn much from the private lessons of competent instructors, she felt that so fragmentary a mode of study could not give her the solid medical education resulting from a regular collegiate course; and, moreover, as it was her aim not to incite ignorant or half-educated female pretenders to an unauthorized assumption of the physician's office, but, on the contrary, to procure the opening of the legitimate approaches of the medical career to women seriously desirous to qualify themselves for the worthy discharge of its duties, by passing through the course of preparation prescribed to men, her admission to a regular medical college, and the acquisition of the medical diploma—as a sanction for her own course and a precedent for other women—were essential to the carrying out of her plans. She therefore procured a list of all the medical colleges in the United States, and proceeded to address an application for admission to each of them in succession.

"'I am sending out arrows in every direction, uncertain which may hit the mark,' she remarks in a letter written at this time.

"Her application, though accompanied by a certificate of her having gone through the requisite preparatory study under Dr. Dickson, was refused by twelve medical colleges. In some cases, the refusal was couched in the shape of a homily on the subordinate position assigned to woman by nature and society, and her presumption in wishing to enter a sphere reserved to the nobler sex; or an exposition of the impropriety and indelicacy implied in a woman's attempting to learn the nature and laws of her own physical organization. For several months it appeared as though even her tenacity of purpose would fail to break through the barriers of prejudice and routine opposed to her on every side. But at length her path, so long obstructed, began to grow clearer.

"Among the applications she had made throughout the length and breadth of the United States, one had been addressed to the Medical College of the University of Geneva, in the State of New York. The faculty of that institution having considered her request, agreed that they saw no reason why a woman, possessed of the requisite preparatory acquirements, should not be admitted; but feeling that the question was one whose decision must rest, practically, with the students themselves—as it would have been easy for them, if so disposed, to render a place in the amphitheatre untenable by a lady—they determined to refer the matter to them, and, having called them together, left the application with them for examination and decision. The students, having discussed the subject, decided unanimously in favor of the new applicant; and a 'preamble' and 'resolutions' were drawn up and voted by them, inviting her to enter the college, and pledging themselves 'individually and collectively, that, should she do so, no word or act of theirs should ever cause her to regret the step.'

"A copy of these 'resolutions,' accompanied by a letter of invitation from themselves, having been transmitted to her by the faculty of the university, she went to Geneva in November of that year, was entered on the college books as 'No. 417,' and threw herself into the study of the various branches of medical learning thus opened to her, with an ardor proportioned to the difficulties she had had to overcome in gaining access to them.

"But the position she had striven so hard to attain was not without certain inconveniences, inseparable from the nature of the case; and though she had weighed, and was prepared to endure them, for the sake of the knowledge that she could obtain in no other way, it will be readily understood that a young and sensitive woman could not find herself placed in so novel a situation, and assist at all the demonstrations involved in a complete course of medical exposition, without occasional severe trial to her feelings. Aware that the possibility of her going through with such a course depended on her being able, by her unmoved deportment, to cause her presence there to be regarded, by those around her, not as that of a woman among men, but of one student among five hundred: confronted only with the truth and dignity of natural law, she restricted herself, for some time after her entrance into the college, to a diet so rigid as almost to trench upon starvation, in order that no involuntary change of color might betray the feeling of embarrassment occasionally created by the necessary plain-speaking of scientific analysis. How far the attainment of a self-command which rendered her countenance as impassable as that of a statue can be attributed to the effect of such a diet, may be doubtful; but her adoption of such an expedient is too characteristic to be omitted here.

"From her first admission into the college until she left it, she also made it an invariable rule to pass in and out without taking any notice of the students; going straight to her seat, and never looking in any other direction than to the professor, and on her note-book.

"How necessary was her circumspection to the prosecution of the arduous task she had assumed, may be inferred from an incident which occurred during the lecture in the amphitheatre, a short time after her admission. The subject of the lesson happened to be a particularly trying one; and while the lecturer was proceeding with his demonstration, a folded paper—evidently a note—was thrown down by somebody in one of the upper tiers behind her, and fell upon her arm, where it lay, conspicuously white, upon the sleeve of her black dress. She felt, instinctively, that this note contained some gross impertinence, that every eye in the building was upon her, and that, if she meant to remain in the college, she must repel the insult, then and there, in such a way as to preclude the occurrence of any similar act. Without moving, or raising her eyes from her note-book,

she continued to write, as though she had not perceived the paper; and when she had finished her notes, she slowly lifted the arm on which it lay, until she had brought it clearly within view of every one in the building, and then, with the slightest possible turn of the wrist, she caused the offensive missive to drop upon the floor. Her action, at once a protest and an appeal, was perfectly understood by the students; and, in an instant, the amphitheatre rang with their energetic applause, mingled with hisses directed against her cowardly assailant. Throughout this scene she kept her eyes constantly fixed upon her note-book, taking no more apparent notice of this welcome demonstration than she had done of the unwelcome aggression which had called it forth. But her position in the college was made from that moment; and not the slightest annoyance of any kind was ever again attempted throughout her stay. On the contrary, a sincere regard at once kindly and respectful, was thenceforward evinced toward her by her fellow-students; and though, for obvious reasons, she still continued to hold herself aloof from social intercourse with them, yet, whenever the opportunity of so doing presented itself in the course of their common studies, they always showed themselves ready and anxious to render her any good offices in their power, and some of them are among her truest friends at this day.

"The feeling of embarrassment which had caused her so much pain on her first appearance among her fellow-students was, however, soon modified by familiarity with topics forming the subject of daily study, and was at length entirely absorbed in the growing interest and admiration excited by the wonderful and beautiful mechanism of the human frame. But the suffering it had caused her, on her entrance into the college, suggested to her the desirability of providing a first-class medical school for the reception of female students only—an institution which she hopes to establish in the course of time.

"But though the 'lady-student' had thus made good her position within the walls of the college, the suspicious and hostile curiosity with which she was regarded in the little town was long in subsiding. She could not, at first, obtain admission to a suitable boarding-house; the heads of those establishments having been threatened with the desertion of their 'best' inmates if she were received. As she went through the streets, on her way to and from the college, audible whispers of 'Here she comes!' or rude cries of 'Come on, Bill, let's have a good look at the lady-doctor!' would meet her ears; and not only idle boys, but well-dressed men and women, would place themselves before her, or draw up in little knots along the pavement, to see her go by, as though she had been some strange animal from another planet. But the passage of the quiet-looking little figure, dressed with the utmost simplicity, taking no notice of the rude people about her, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, gradually ceased to excite remark; and when she had been called upon by the wives of some of the professors, the most 'respectable' of the boarding-houses consented to receive her as an inmate. . . .

"From the time when she had first resolved to enter upon the study of medicine, until a very recent period, she pursued a system of self-denial in every branch of personal expenditure so rigid that it would be hardly credible to those who had not witnessed its details, and involving privations that only her exceptional temperament could have enabled her to undergo. Her arrangements were invariably made on the most inexpensive scale; she put up with the simplest accommodations, dressed with more than Quaker plainness, went about on foot in all weathers to the utmost limit of her strength, and resolutely denied herself every thing, without exception, that it was possible for her to do without. Her refusing herself a little bottle of Eau de Cologne, which she could have bought for fourpence half-penny, and to which, being very fond of scents, she happened one day to take such an especial fancy that she was haunted for years with occasional visions of that same little bottle, was in accordance with the invariable rule she had marked out for herself. Acts of rare generosity on her part toward others during this period might be cited; but with regard to herself—although additional resources were placed at her disposal by her relatives in England—her self-denial was inexorable; every farthing thus economized being regarded by her as so much gained for the exigencies of future study, and treasured accordingly. Such having been her mode of action from the beginning of her student's career, it was not without an almost heroic effort that, as her course of study drew toward its close, she compelled herself to purchase a handsome black silk dress for the grand affair of her graduation. In a letter written at that time, she says: 'I am working hard for the parchment, which I suppose will come in due time; but I have still an immense amount of dry reading to get through with and to beat into my memory. I have been obliged to have a dress made for the graduation ceremony; and meanwhile it lies quietly in my trunk, biding its time. It is a rich black silk, with a cape, trimmed with black silk fringe, and some narrow white lace round the neck and cuffs. I could not avoid the expense, though a grievous one for a poor student; for the affair will take place in a crowded church; I shall have to mount to a platform, on which sits the president of the university in gown and triangular hat, surrounded by rows of reverend professors; and of course I can neither disgrace womankind, the college, nor the Blackwells, by presenting myself in a shabby gown.'

"In January, 1849, the ceremony in question took place, as just described. The church was crowded to suffocation; an immense number of ladies being present, attracted from every point of the compass, from twenty miles round, by the desire to witness the presentation of the first medical diploma ever bestowed on a woman; and among the crowd were some of her own family who had come to Geneva to be present on the occasion. When the preliminary ceremonial had been gone through with, and various addresses had been delivered, the wearer of the black silk dress ascended to the platform with a number of her brother-students, and received from the hands of Dr. Lee, the venerable president of the university, the much-desired diploma, which with its seal and blue ribbon, and the word *Dominus* changed to *Domina*, admitted her into the ranks of the medical fraternity, hitherto closed against her sex. Each student, on receiving the diploma, returned a few words of thanks. On receiving hers, Dr. Elizabeth replied, in a low voice, but amidst a hush of curiosity and interest so intense that the words were audible throughout the building:

"'I thank you, Mr. President, for the sanction given to my studies by the institution of which you are the head. With the help of the Most High, it shall be the endeavor of my life to do honor to the diploma you have conferred upon me.'

"The president, in his concluding address, alluded to the presence of a lady-student during the collegiate course then closing, as 'an innovation that had been in every way a fortunate one;' and stated that 'the zeal and energy she had displayed in the acquisition of science had offered a brilliant example to the whole class;' that 'her presence had exercised a beneficial influence upon her fellow-students in all respects;' that 'the average attainments and general conduct of the students during the period she had passed among them were of a higher character than those of any class that had been assembled in the college since he had been connected with the institution;' and that 'the most cordial good wishes of her instructors would go with her in her future career.'"

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell is now a highly successful *doctor* at New York, where she has been latterly joined by a junior sister, Dr. Emily Blackwell, who has passed through the same professional education with equal *éclat*, but under greatly less difficulty.

LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER V.

CERTAINLY there had been nothing in my very nonchalant behavior at the theatre of a tendency to stimulate a woman accustomed to men's incense into any thing like an excess of the grand passion for me. It was very natural, I said to myself, as I noticed, for a week after the play, Miss Denham's manner, if possible, even more superficial to me than before. Of course, it was not in her *rôle* to play the injured heroine; I doubt whether it was possible for her to show pique. Yet I could see, unmistakably, that she was offended—what in other people would be hurt—by my conduct.

One evening, as I sat between Uncle Eben and lovely Little Good-for-Nothing, in her boudoir, the young girl said to me—"That is a very beautiful lady, Mr. Maurice, to whom the world calls you engaged."

"Perhaps the world overrates my good fortune, Miss Carter. She is very beautiful indeed, whether engaged to me or not, but just now I am so miserable as to be out of favor."

"Oh, I am sorry! Do you think so?"

"To be sure. It is beyond concealment. Won't you, I added laughingly, intercede for me with her majesty?"

"Why, don't you love her—don't she love you—so that you know all about each other's feelings, and can make confessions by yourselves?" And Little Good-for-Nothing opened wide her great brown eyes.

"Oh, we have the very highest degree of consideration for each other."

"Well, I will intercede. You *ought* to love one another very much."

A few nights after this—all of us—Uncle Eben, Lizzie, Grace Denham, and myself, were honored by an especial glorification in our behalf at Mrs. Fixitalle's. In all the glory of quarter-deck pumps, and a coat radiant with blue and brass, my Uncle led our hostess down the mazes of a real old-fashioned reel, played for his especial benefit, and managed to distinguish himself to the perfect ecstasy of Smallboys and his friends by the resurrection of several steps, which, on the authority of the eminent cognoscenti, I state to have slept since the year one. And he managed to be very happy and agile, in spite of his acknowledged utter ignorance of certain other dances, which he described as bearing up in convoy, close hauled, and going in stays every two seconds.

Uncle Eben was still dancing; neither Grace nor Lizzie were any where to be seen; and as much ennuyé as a well-bred gentleman ever permits himself to be, unless he goes with Smallboys, I threw myself down on an ottoman by the conservatory door, and looked at the frisking world through half-open eyelids. I heard women's voices, low among the fuschias. Grace and Lizzie were talking—quite gravely too, for such an occasion as this at Mrs. Fixitalle's.

I could not help hearing a few words before I rose and moved away.

"Do be kind to him—he is so good and noble—he loves you *so much*, I am sure—and his life has not been very happy."

"Miss Carter, excuse me; but I believe Mr. Maurice loves—*you*."

"You are mistaken; he never could bear me, even when I was a little child. He always called me—to other people—Little Good-for-Nothing."

As I arose and changed my seat I felt like one giddy with overmuch wine. The perplexity of that suggestion—"In love with Little Good-for-Nothing?" Again she seemed to be reproduced from that day six, near seven, years ago; and I saw her stand once more with her hair blowing, her immense crumpled sun-bonnet, her unformed nose, and the stumpy forefinger on her bosom, indicating "Wac!" "In love with Little Good-for-Nothing?" Impossible! Yet—how much she had changed!

So my wife to be was jealous! Ha, ha, madam! Yet, perhaps, not in the least. She may have seen what she thought facts, and been perfectly indifferent to them. More comfortable for her—less complimentary to me.

Some time during that evening it was decided that, if the wind and weather held fair on Wednesday, I was to take Lizzie, Grace, and about a dozen other nymphs with aquatic tendencies, down to the Hook and back again, in my "dear duck of a yacht," the *Aphrodite*. Beside the abstract pleasures of the sail, there were to be several sandwiches and a nice young man to every young lady on board. For these purposes I organized myself into a commissariat department the next morning. I sent James, my faithful shadow in knee plush, to contract for innumerable Bologna sausages; and myself enlisted some dozen or so old salts, of sixteen years and upward, who knew every thing about sailing without having ever been to sea.

And though this chapter has been a short one, I shall take another before finis, ending my story with a full and veritable account of the cruise of the good sloop *Aphrodite*.

CHAPTER VI.

"ALL aboard! haul aft there, Tucker! Bows fend off! So—steady!"

As the *Aphrodite* made faster and faster out into the stream, in faith she was a goodly creature to look upon. A six-knot breeze right abeam just careened her so much as to clear her long bright pennant, and lift out her shiny new-leaded side to windward, till it gleamed like the breast of some strong-minded dove who had taken to swimming. All along the flush clean deck on their camp-stools sat pretty sea-exhilarated girls in their picnic dresses, their eyes as bright, their cheeks as rosy as the blue and red of the streamers that floated from their gipsy hats. And in exaggerated sea-tog sported the young men—blue-shirted, black-neck-tied—leaning on their palms over the sun-bright gunwale to make their little white hands broad and brown. No quarter-deck taboo—every body went every where at will; they of constitutions internally tremulous on the water, to the waist—others, who liked the motion, to the bows, making a pleasant grouped figure-head as they rose and fell, leaning stanchly sideways against the free wind that bowled us on.

Unquestionably the two most beautiful women on board were Grace Denham and Lizzie Carter. And beautiful in very different ways. Grace, the queenly, rose-suffused brunette, because she brought to sea with her all that same unruffled elegance and repose which made her the adored of gas-lit rooms a-land, and wore it so easily that it did not seem incongruous. Lizzie, the fair, the brown-haired, because now all the native Arab freedom of her soul broke forth, and she reveled like a very sea-goddess in the kisses of the wind and spray. She seemed made to swim with that matchless arm of hers around the arching neck of my *Aphrodite*.

As little Taggles, one of my old salts, informed me, we made the Sou'west Spit at just two bells, which he imagined to be the salt-water translation of two o'clock. I had held the tiller all the way down, and being rather tired now gave it up to my man Tucker, who united in one personality all three mates and bo'sun, at the same time giving him strict private orders not to let any body else steer, however specious his nautical capabilities might seem.

We had just left the spit on our windward quarter, when the mainsail flapped, and we began to lose headway. The wind was hauling around astern. I eased the sheets and let her run before it.

I mingled with my guests. All of them seemed very happy, none of them sea-sick; and when James brought up from the locker sandwiches, deviled turkey, and bottle after bottle of iced Champagne, my freight of delicate city appetites showed itself wonderfully refreshed by the salt.

Lunching and laughing in messes of half a dozen—flirting in groups of two; now singing, now spinning yarns, we reached the mouth of Shrewsbury River. A dance was proposed: we cleared the deck for action. Every body paired off for a reel—that is, all the gentlemen save myself and little Taggles. I sat on the combings of the hatchway and played the violin. Taggles said he would go aft and see Tucker steer. His default threw out one lady from the dance. Lizzie Carter said she would be that one, and sat down on a stool, just clear of my bow arm.

Merrily they were footing it away to "Money Musk," when I chanced to look aft over my shoulder. Little Taggles was in earnest conversation with Tucker, and I saw him pull a bill from his porte-monnaie, and press it into my Lieutenant's hand. Rather curious, I thought, but I was too busy to pay much attention to the act just then.

Perhaps there is no portion of our coast where the wind is more variable than at this identical spot over which we were then running, just outside the Shrewsbury River. "Look out for squalls!" is particularly the motto of every small-boat skipper who sails there. I was not much surprised, then, to find ourselves all at once drifting stern foremost in a dead lull. Just then Grace Denham and Belle Hudson, the two most beautiful girls in the reel, were holding their graceful white arms aloft, making an arch for the two cavaliers at the other end to run under. I dropped my bow—sprang to my feet, and shouted, "Quick! let go halliards and luff!" Good Heavens! I looked astern, and little Taggles was steering! *That* was the price of his bill! God forgive him; I will not speak a word of censure now; he is beyond my reproaches. And Tucker had gone below.

Before I could jump to the cleets, while little Taggles stood like one dreaming at the tiller, now moving it this way, now that, without any notion of what end was to be gained by either movement, the squall came. That slender frothing line, which just before looked miles off upon the larboard bow, crawled on to us more like some instant electric impulse than any slower thing of water. Once! and a feathery claw of foam grasped at us over the combings. Twice! and like a falling castle, down with all her burden of shrieking souls, on her beam ends went the *Aphrodite*. For a moment, little Taggles clutched the tiller, then his hands slipped, and I never saw him again.

They say that when we drown a whole life marches by us in an instant. I can believe it; for in that moment of close destruction I settled one great awful life-question, viewing all its arguments on both sides. I was a bold, stout swimmer; whom should I save, if God let me save any body? There were but two my soul could choose from; and conceive, if you can, a more terrible alternative than mine. Grace Denham, to whom the world had already married me—Lizzie, whom, in that great awakening, *I found I loved more than life.*

My God! I could not let *her* die—the perishing of them all seemed, to the selfishness of that love, a trifle, by the side of losing her. Like a flash I made up my mind, and grasped her in the water.

Some of the other men swam. Results, in several households, spared the agony of drowned daughters, showed that those few who could had acted nobly.

But at that moment I had eyes and ears for one alone—Little Good-for-Nothing.

Oh, the cruel waves that now looked so big, that from deck had looked so small and kindly! The narrow, snowy strip of beach—now wave-hidden, now suddenly disclosed, yet ever seeming so far off—so desperate of access!

She was a light burden, and lay perfectly still in my arms with her mute, astonished face, whiter than the foam, turned upward to the sky. Yet the water seemed like a wall of lead against my breast, as with muscles made steel by the horrible exigency, I struggled forward, half-blinded by the spray, pushing our double weight. Yet, with all the events that hung suspended on my prolonged strength, I feared not to waste it by saying over and over again, "O God, how I love—how I love you!"

At first, when I spoke it, she opened her brown eyes full upon me as one waking from the trouble of a dream. I repeated it—in that weird perilous bridal chamber our lips met passionately—and God saw that we were married!

But no time for vows, save such as come silently from the eyes that pray toward heaven; none for love caressings, when the jealous sea was at the door of our hardly understood great happiness to snatch the bride from my arms. "Father in Heaven, oh, let us reach the shore! All the gold of earth for a foot of those white sands!"

Almost out of the water, with her in my arms, did I spring over the head of a broad landward roller, to be in front of it and catch its impulse. Another strikes us—I swim shallow to be above the undertow. Another—"Oh! my God, I thank thee—ground—ground, solid ground!" I spur myself upward from the bottom, now plainly felt—I hurl us both into a shoal where it is waist deep—now it just reaches to the knees—now ankle deep—ashore!

Unspeaking, motionless, we sat down on the clear sand, hugged closely to each other's breast. Far out we could see the rising and falling heads of a few swimmers coming after us. What a nightmare to think that, on that uninhabited, that boatless beach, we might have to sit still and see them drown!

But no; for the pilot-boat, that lay close-reefed a mile off our bows when the *Aphrodite* capsized, has seen them, and has almost reached them with her yawl. And now, one by one, the swimmers are lifted in, so near to us that we can almost see the brine drip from them as they are pulled over the gunwale. And as we think what great anthems must be just now going up from those rescued hearts, their music is echoed in our own.

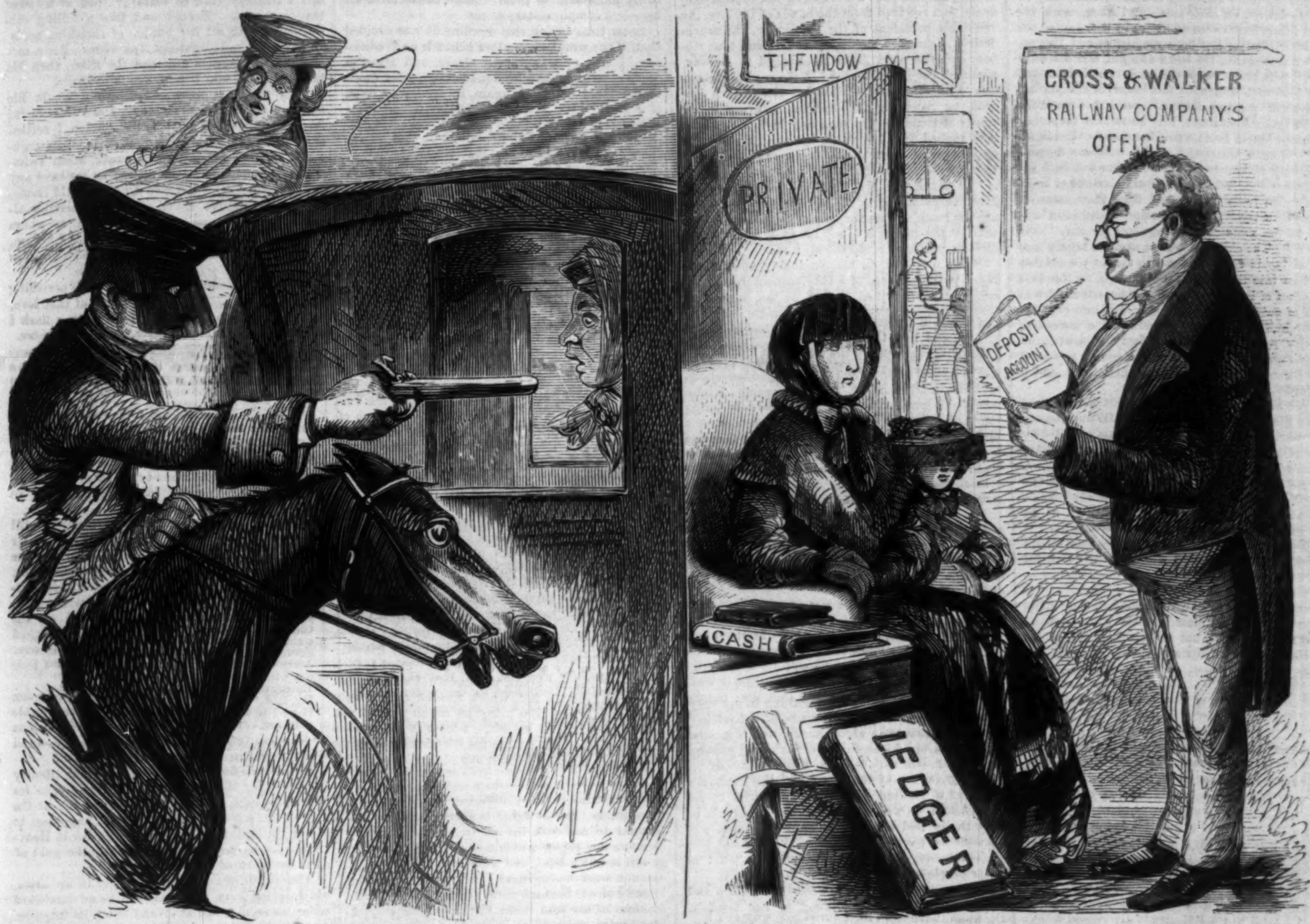
We stand and wave our handkerchiefs to the rowers. They see us and give three great cheers for the two more saved, but sign to us that they are full. We can perceive that; yes, and one other thing whose value to me, you who have comprehended the alternative that met me as the sloop went down, will also understand. In the stern-sheets, motionless, pale as a snow-flower but still living, reclined Grace Denham! Oh, thank Heaven! thank Heaven!

Through the deep sand did Lizzie and I plow our way—sometimes I carried her like a child—until, at nightfall, we came opposite the Shrewsbury Lights, just as they were beginning to brighten up. From the hotel below them we were seen—a boat sent for us—and we came once more to fire, food, rest, and the grateful grasp of human hands of sympathy.

And the prayers we prayed that night! As they were too holy then to be spoken, let them now be too holy to be spoken of.

The next day we reached home—to find Uncle Eben in unspeakable anguish, thinking us lost; to bless him, as ones living from the dead. To hear that out of the thirty who sang as the *Aphrodite* made out into the stream there were but fourteen unpillowed on the deep-down sand. To meet—oh hardest of all!—Grace Denham, and to be received by, without one look of reproaches—with nothing but calm words of gratitude to God. She married the man that saved her. He made her a better husband than I could have done—for they loved one another as wife and husband should love—dearer than their own saved lives. To weep vain tears with those who wept, heart-broken.

But still more—after the cloud of that terrible calamitous memory had been somewhat blown away by the breath of Time, and stricken through by the after sunlight of Heaven's goodness—to sit through long, sweet evenings under the vines of Uncle Eben's porch at Guilford, clasping my true wife's hand, thinking of the old times and wondering how it were possible that I had ever been deemed good enough for—Little Good-for-Nothing.



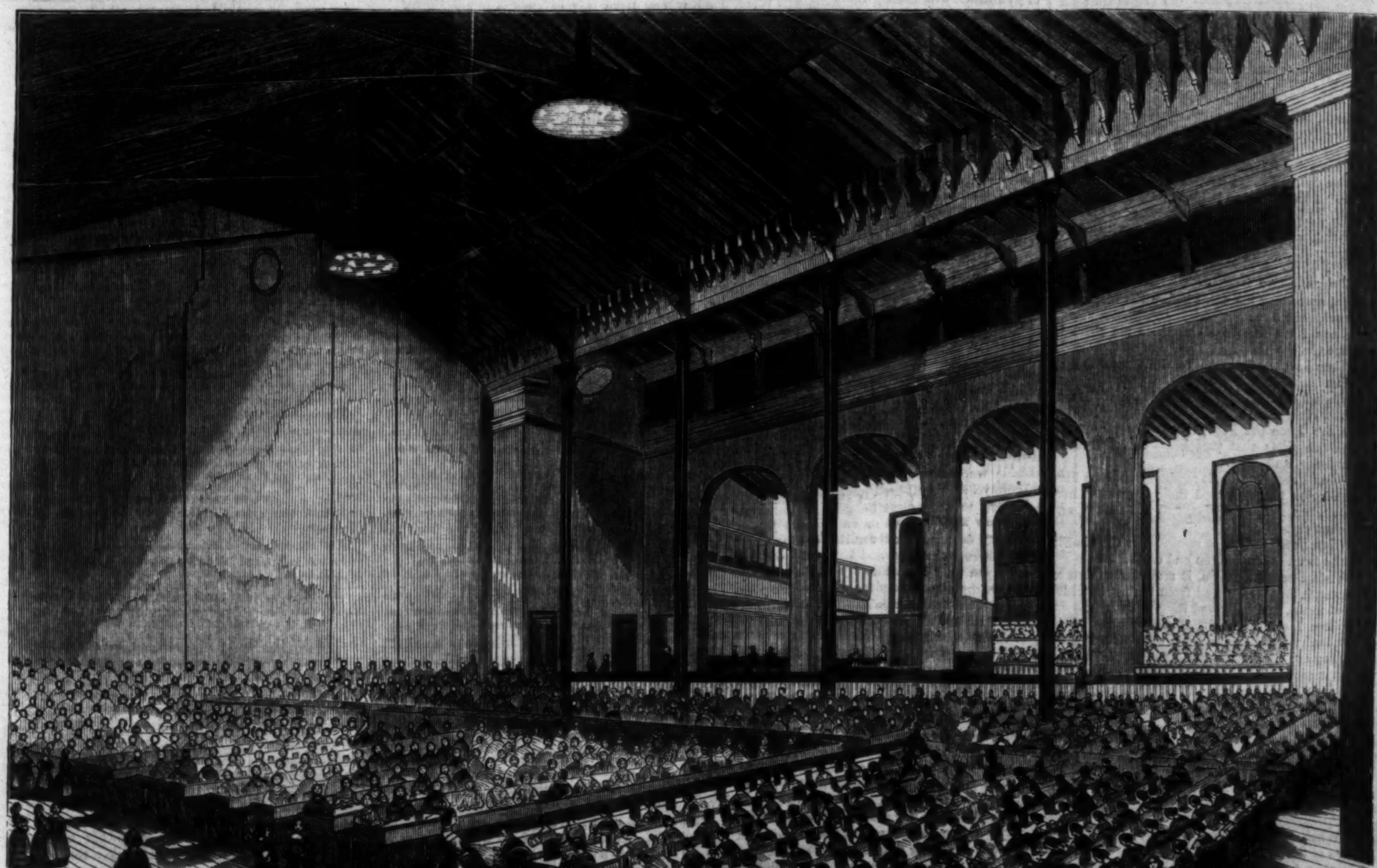
ROBBERY.

OLD AND NEW STYLE.

FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.—No. I.

We propose to devote a considerable portion of our space to the subject of female employment. It is becoming a topic of general interest, and sound philanthropy will welcome, while quackery will suffer by, a careful exposition of the true state of the question. Our illustration this week is a picture of the cigar factory of Messrs. Cope & Company, of Liverpool, England.

In this country, it is believed, female labor is employed in cigar factories to a very moderate extent. In Havana, it is said, the share of work allotted to females—negresses—is larger; some of the finest descriptions of "plantation" cigars are said to be made by stout negro girls, who, embar-



MESSRS. COPE & COMPANY'S CIGAR FACTORY, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

rassed by little clothing, roll the leaves into the shape desired on their swelling limbs. In Liverpool less primitive methods are in use.

After the leaf has been moistened and "sweated" it passes into the hand of a girl called a stripper. She tears away the stalk which intersects the leaf, and transmits the latter to the sorters, the stalk passing into the milling department to be ground into snuff. The sorters divide the stripped leaves into three collections—"inside filler," "bunch wrapper," and "outside wrapper." The only difference between the two last is in perfectness; the "outside wrapper" consists of leaves which are more perfect and freer from tears and flaws than the "bunch wrapper," while the latter are in the same respects superior to the "inside filler." The cigar-maker proceeds to take a handful of inside filler, which she rolls on a prepared surface into the form of a cigar. This she wraps in a leaf of bunch wrapper. Then, choosing a fine leaf of outside wrapper, she cuts it into strips one and a half inch broad, and twists one of these strips neatly round the material just rolled up. The edges are pasted together with brown paste; one end is cut off square with a round knife, and the cigar is complete.

We understand that girls in this factory can, if they are quick and adroit, make fifteen shillings, or nearly four dollars a week, which, considering the relative value of labor in the United States and Great Britain, is equal to six dollars here. The most interesting item in connection with the Messrs. Cope's factory, is the fact that a number of deaf and dumb girls are employed there, earning as good wages as their more fortunate sisters.

The reader will admire the lofty ceiling of the room in which the girls work, and the admirable arrangement of the seats.

There is no reason why all the cigars made in this country should not be the handiwork of women. Men laboring at manufactures where dexterity and slight of hand, not strength, are required, are evidently inferior to women.

Miscellany.

—The following curious broadside is taken from an English newspaper of the year 1774, and is there called

Cards Spiritualized,

or "The Perpetual Almanac, or Soldier's Prayer-book, giving an account of Richard Lane, a private belonging to the 47th Regiment of Foot, who was taken before the mayor of the town of Glasgow, for playing at cards during Divine service."

The sergeant commanded the soldiers at church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took his text. Those who had a Bible took it out; but this soldier had neither Bible nor Common Prayer-book, but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him. He first looked at one card, and then at the other. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said,

"Richard, put up the cards, this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the service was over, the constable took Richard prisoner, and brought him before the mayor.

"Well," says the mayor, "what have you brought that soldier here for?"

"For playing at cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, Sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than ever man was punished."

"I have been," says the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have had but little to subsist on. I have neither Bible nor Common Prayer-book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intention."

"Very good," said the mayor.

He Counts the Cards.

Then, spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the Ace:

"When I see the Ace, it reminds me there is only one God.

"When I see the Deuce, it reminds me of Father and Son.

"When I see the Tray, it reminds me of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"When I see the Four, it reminds me of the Four Evangelists that preached—viz., Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

"When I see the Five, it reminds me of the Five Wise Virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were wise, and five foolish, and were shut out.

"When I see the Six, it reminds me that in Six days the Lord made heaven and earth.

"When I see the Seven, it reminds me that on the Seventh day God rested from the works which He had made, and hallowed it.

"When I see the Eight, it reminds me of the Eight Righteous Persons that were saved when God drowned the world—viz., Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives.

"When I see the Nine, it reminds me of the Nine Lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were ten, but nine never returned thanks.

"When I see the Ten, it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on a table of stone.

"When I see the King," said the soldier, "it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty.

"When I see the Queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who went to hear the wisdom of Solomon; for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash themselves; the girls washed to the elbows, and the boys only to the wrists, so King Solomon told by that."

Who is the Knave?

"Well," said the mayor, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one."

"Which is that?" said the soldier.

"The Knave," said the mayor.

"I will give your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the mayor, "if you will not term me to be the Knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest Knave I know is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the mayor, "whether he is the greatest Knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots in a pack of cards, I find 365—as many days as there are in a year.

"When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find there are fifty-two—as many weeks as there are in a year. And I find four suits—the number of weeks in a month.

"I find that there are twelve picture-cards in the pack, representing the number of months in the year; and on counting the tricks, I find thirteen—the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see, Sir, the pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac, and Common Prayer-book to me."

—Opinions differ in the matter of a tariff; some are for protection, some for free trade. But very few, even of the most earnest protection men, think in their secret hearts that the

Whole Duty of Man

makes it incumbent upon a man to pay duty on goods if he has ingenuity enough to smuggle them in. As the "Protective Policy" seems again to be in the ascendant, it is not amiss to communicate to conscientious free-traders the following hints from the

Diary of a Smuggler.

It was autumn, and I was crossing the Channel to Dover amidst a crowd of returning tourists, almost all of whom were dreadfully inconvenienced by a strong westerly wind. *Tot homines, tot sententiæ*, was never proved to be so false a proverb before. Numerous as the company was, it was all of one mind, or at least of one stomach; the deck, as a modern wit (who I wish was my friend) once observed, looked like some horrid picnic. It was terrible, as I stood at the bow, to see nothing else but the drooping hats and bonnets of my fellow-beings, as the vessel dipped and rose—an endless game of pitch-and-toss, where nothing turned up but heads. One sea-green face, however, was visible, the property of a middle-aged lady of large dimensions, and it interested me very deeply. Those nervous eyes, that twitching mouth, that countenance vainly striving to look unconcerned, I recognized at once as belonging to the amateur female smuggler running her first cargo. She would have been ill, I could see, only she had too great a weight upon her mind to enjoy any such relaxation. She saw that I was looking fixedly at her, and a blush came over her face, at once "making the green one red." Yes, it was plain she smuggled; she was stouter than any woman of her general appearance had any right to be.

"Madam," said I, approaching her by a series of gymnastic evolutions, which the unstable character of the plane whereon I moved compelled, "I see you have no attendant; can I be of any service to you? I am an old sailor, and have, as you see, my sea-legs under me?"

The poor woman gazed on the limbs referred to with an unintelligent and frightened air; she had evidently never heard of "sea-legs," or else she had understood me to say that I had three legs, and she stared accordingly.

"I want nothing, Sir, I thank you," replied she, feebly, "unless you could put me on shore."

"We shall be, my dear madam," said I, taking out my watch, but keeping my eye steadily upon her, "We shall be in less than ten minutes at the custom-house."

A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—glanced over her countenance.

"You look very good-natured, Sir," stammered she. I bowed, and looked considerably more so, in order to invite her confidence. "If I was to tell you a secret, which I find is too much for me to keep to myself, oh, would you hold it inviolable?"

"I know it, my dear madam—I know it already," said I, smiling; "it is Lace, is it not?"

She uttered a little shriek, and— Yes, she had got it there, among the crinoline. She thought it had been sticking out, you see, unknown to her.

"Oh, Sir," cried she, "it is only ten pounds' worth; please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire."

Turns Informer.

"My dear madam," replied I, sternly but kindly, "here is the pier, and the officer has fixed his eye upon us. I must do my duty.

I rushed up the ladder like a lamp-lighter; I pointed that woman out to the legitimate authority: I accompanied her upon her way, in custody, to the searching-house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her, and I saw her fined and dismissed with ignominy. Then, having generously given up my emoluments as informer to the subordinate officials, I hurried off in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. She did not receive me warmly, and for a long time, indeed, refused to hear a word that I had to say. At last I overcame her antipathy so far as to get her to look at a piece of point-lace of twice the value of that which had been so ruthlessly taken away from her. I then placed in her hand the amount of the fine in which she had been mulcted. Then I began my explanatory statement:

"You had ten pounds' worth of smuggled goods about your person, madam. *I* had nearly fifty times that amount. If you were alarmed for the possible consequences of your rashness, what, think you, must have been the state of *my* feelings upon my own account? I turned informer, madam, let me convince you, for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, for this sort of free-trading, and the officer would have found you out at all events, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, my dear madam? If you still feel aggrieved or injured by me in any manner, pray take more lace; here is lots of it."

We parted the best of friends.

The Best Regalias.

I had a second adventure, the other day, of a much less dangerous character, but which, as it happily illustrates my great natural ingenuity, I here take leave to add. Having come from the Mediterranean a few weeks ago to Southampton, I happened to be in possession of a couple of pounds of exceedingly fine cigars, adapted to my special taste, and which I was determined no custom-house fingers should meddle with. As soon as the vessel was brought alongside the quay I left my cabin and made my way to the movable gangway.

"Sir," said the official at the deck end of it, with a malicious grin, "I think I must trouble you to take off your hat."

"To you?" cried I; "never! You are not Prince Albert in disguise, I suppose, nor the Bey of Tunis?"

"Come, come!" exclaimed the fellow—official persons, it may be here observed, have the greatest possible dislike to being rallied, or, as the vulgar have it, "chaffed," by any body—"none of your sauce; you take that hat off, or it will be the worse for you."

"Which hat?" asked I, innocently. "Whose hat?"

"Yours!" replied he, savagely; "yours! It's tipped up over your forehead in a way which convinces me that you have something in it."

"My very dear Sir," answered I, blandly, "*of course* I have something in it. I always carry my pocket-handkerchief there; and there's my head besides."

This suspicious person telegraphed, nevertheless, to his confederate upon the shore, who seized upon me as I touched ground, and with the same ridiculous pertinacity requested me to take my hat off.

"If you lay a finger on my hat," cried I, furiously, "I'll first knock you down" (I was six feet one without the hat, which was an exceedingly tall one), "and then bring an action against you for an aggravated assault. I want to get into the town particularly; there are friends expecting me—female friends; I insist upon being let go."

Hats Off!

The cold-blooded official smiled grimly without reply, and took me to his superior, by whom the same demand was repeated. I said that, in courtesy, and not upon compulsion, I would touch my hat to him; but that I would not take it off without a warrant. Then I was marched away in custody of a sort of guard of honor to the office of the superintendent. That individual convinced me of his right to enforce this absurd request of taking off my hat; and under protest, and to oblige him, as being a very gentlemanly person, I did it. There was nothing in my hat, as I had affirmed from the very first, except my pocket-handkerchief. Officials never apologize; but I do hope that they felt they had wronged a fellow-creature by their cruel suspicions. I hastened back to the vessel, dived into my cabin, and presently reappeared with my tall hat tipped over my forehead more than ever.

"Would you like me to take my hat off?" inquired I of the first gangway-man. "Would *you* like me to take my hat off?" asked I of the second. I demanded, in short, whether I should again bare my injured head, of every custom-house officer who had been superfluous about that ceremony before. But they all looked sheepish or annoyed, and replied that they had had quite enough of me and my hat already. It was therefore certainly not my fault, but their own, that my two pounds of special regalias, which really were in my hat the second time, have not assisted, in their proper quota of some eighteen shillings, to swell the revenues of my native land.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

In court, young Cetchum, an impudent limb of the law, trying to break down a female witness's evidence one day, said, "Gentlemen, the witness on the stand has brass enough in her face to make a kettle." She curtly replied, "And you've enough sap to fill it."

In the commencement of that memorable campaign, the conquest of Mexico, a volunteer, at the reduction of Vera Cruz, says that, during the bombardment, General Scott, riding along the American line, and seeing some of the soldiers raising their heads above the embankment to get a view of the work of destruction in the city, called out, kindly, "Better take care there; some of you will get your heads knocked off before you know it!" "Hadn't you better take care of your own head, General?" asked one. "Ah, they make generals so easy now, it isn't much odds if one of them should get killed," replied the veteran warrior, good-naturedly.

An anxious Scotch mother, on the occasion of her son's departing for England, blessed him and gave him all good advice, concluding with, "My dear Sawny, my ainly son, gang south an' get all the siller from the Southrons. Tak' every thing you can; but the English are a braw boxing people, and take care of them, Sawny. My dear son Sawny, never fight a bald man, for you can not catch hold of him by the hair of his head."

Colman, when a boy at school, having, together with one of his class-fellows, been guilty of the unusual crime of getting through a certain portion of his studies in a marvelously creditable manner, the two received, as a reward, permission, if they chose it, to omit writing their usual evening's exercise. On the master going out, Colman said to his comrade, "Well, what shall we do?" The other replied, "Oh, I shall write my exercise; sha'n't you?" "On the contrary," replied Master George, "I shall exercise my right."

Some years ago, at the "South End," the Rev. Dr. Holley was looking at some butter which a countryman was offering to sell. The countryman handed him a jack-knife to taste the butter—it was covered with tobacco crumbs. The Doctor refused the dirty knife, upon which the countryman wiped the blade on his pantaloons, and handed it back.

"You have not mended the matter much," said Dr. H.

"Some folks are *more nice* than wise!" says the countryman.

Dr. H. replied, "If you were *wiser* than you are, you would be nicer."

When Lord Townsend was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the then Provost of Dublin lost no opportunity of repeating solicitations for "places." "My dear Hely," said his lordship, "you have a great many things, and I have nothing to give but a captaincy of dragoons." "I accept it then," replied the Provost. "What, you take a captaincy," answered his lordship. "Zounds! it is impossible; I only meant it as a joke." "*And I accept it*," replied the provost, "*merely to show you how well I can take a joke!*"

Russell, the singer, was once singing in a provincial town "The Gambler's Wife," and having uttered the words,

"Hush! he comes not yet?
The clock strikes one,"

he struck the key to imitate the sudden knell of the departed hour, when a respectably-dressed woman ejaculated, to the amazement of every body, "Wouldn't I have fetched him home!"

This epitaph is inscribed on the grave of a smuggler across the Atlantic Ocean. He was shot by the excisemen:

Here I lies,
Killed by the XI's.

The following "notice" is posted in the news-room of a country tavern: "Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's paper."

As Foote, in the early part of his life, was one night walking down a street in the neighborhood of Oxford Road, he was accosted, with great civility, by a shabby fellow, who asked the way to Tyburn. To which Foote replied, "My good fellow, you have only to rob the first person you meet, and you'll find your way easily." The fellow very heartily thanked him for his advice, and presenting a pistol, ordered him to deliver his money, on pain of having his brains blowed out. With this injunction he was obliged to comply, though to his great mortification, as he lost his money and his jest, and it punished him for his unkind reply when asked "the way."

A wealthy Mussulman at Constantinople contemplated giving a costly and sumptuous entertainment to his friends. But he said to himself, "Tootky Yedim!" "Suppose I had eaten it!" And sparing the funds, adding to them from time to time, was enabled at last to build a grand mosque, which is called, from the incident, Tootky Yedim.

At the municipal election in St. Louis, last April, a gentleman electioneering at one of the ward polls for the Citizens' Candidates, the opposition to the free Democrats, saw a man coming up to the polls whose looks showed that he was not yet entirely rid of the native verdancy of "Faderland." Our friend hailed him: "Vote the Citizens' ticket, Sir! vote the Citizens' ticket!" Dutchy stared a moment, and then looking quite knowing, said, "No, no; I no vote Citizens' dicket! I no citizen; I be Dutchman." So saying, he walked up to the polls and deposited a Free Democratic ballot.

"Poor Dr. Bragg is dead!" "Good lack!
Of what disease?" "Why, an attack
Of cholic." Ah! I thought that he
Had found a wondrous remedy."
"Why, so he had; and when he tried,
He found it true—the Doctor died!"

Cardinal de Retz desired Menage to give him a few lectures on poetry. "For," said he, "such quantities of verses are brought me every day that I ought to seem at least to be somewhat of a judge." "It would be hard," replied Menage, "to give your eminence many rudiments of criticism without spending too much of your time. But I advise you, in general, to look over the first page or two, and then exclaim, 'Sad stuff! wretched poetaster! miserable verses!' Ninety-nine times in a hundred you will surely be right."

A man in Ireland, charged with highway robbery, was brought to trial, during which he several times roared out from the dock that he was guilty; but the jury found a verdict of "Not Guilty." The astonished judge exclaimed, "Why, gentlemen, did you not hear the man himself declare his guilt?" "We did, my lord," replied the foreman, "and that was why we acquitted him; for we know the fellow to be so notorious a liar that he never told a word of truth in his life."

The following opinion of "counsel learned in the law" is worth at least a hundred of any others ever given by limbs of the profession:

"Fee-simple and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—female.'

A countryman was dragging a *calf* by a rope in a cruel manner. An Irishman asked him if that was the way he trated his fellow-critters.

Hon. J. H. Darly, formerly United States Senator from Missouri, was, many years ago, a candidate for Congress in his district. He was "stumping" the swamp region in southeast Missouri; and one day, just after getting out of the swamps, he came to a town, where he was called on for a speech. He complied with the request; and during the course of his harangue got off the following decided hit:

"Fellow-citizens,—While I was riding through the swamps below here, yesterday, toward this town, my tedious way was beguiled by the musical greetings of the tenants of the watery element; and, rapt in ecstasy at the dulcet harmony, to my great surprise I heard, all of a sudden, a lot of the biggest kind of bull-frogs start up a cry of 'Bowlin! Bowlin!' 'Ah!' said I, quite startled, 'it seems my opponent has a strong constituency here!' Hardly, however, had I recovered from this first shock to my nerves, when I was yet more startled, for another set of 'croakers,' a little further on, set up a cry of 'Rozier! Rozier!' 'So it seems,' exclaimed I, 'my other opponent has his friends here too. I wonder how I stand in this community!' So I stood still for a good while expecting my constituents to raise their voices in my behalf; but I had not a single one there. And I can tell you why. The 'cute rascals knew that if I get elected to Congress I will have their swamps drained, and then their occupation, like Othello's, would be gone, and they would have to shift and 'make tracks' for new quarters."

A lady advertising for a husband is particular to have it understood that "none need apply who are under six feet," upon which an exchange remarks, "That lady is strongly in favor of hymen!"

A lawyer at Lowell having found ninety-five dollars, and returned the money to the owner, one of the papers says the act may be honest and honorable, but it is exceedingly unprofessional.

When Lawyer Coe, the other day, at the trial of Jem Lane, in Kansas, told Colonel Young that if he swallowed the law-book he would have more law in his stomach than he ever had in his head, he stole the thunder of Stephens, the great little giant of Georgia, who, when he was once running for Congress, found himself confronted in discussion with an opponent of unusually large stature, which gentleman, as the controversy waxed warm, contemptuously said of and to the little man, "Why, I could button your ears back, and swallow you whole, Sir!" To which cannibal remark Stephens annihilatingly retorted, "And if you did, Sir, you would then have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head!" The laughter which followed effectually dissipated the ill-humor which was gaining ground.

One of our finest writers says, that "the nightly dews come down upon us like blessings." How very differently the *daily dues* come down upon us!

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says that there are one hundred thousand barrels, of thirty-two gallons each, of lager beer, manufactured in that city in a year. That's a barrel for every male adult in the city!

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, August* 9, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have exhibited more firmness for Flour, reliable brands of which, especially of State, have been sparingly offered, while they have been in good request at advancing prices—closing 15 @ 25 cents per barrel higher than last week. With an active inquiry, prices of sound lots of Wheat, Rye, and Oats, as well as of unsound and inferior Corn, have favored sellers. Sound corn has not been so much sought after, and it has tended downward....Cotton has been lightly dealt in at unaltered rates....Groceries have been less active, yet generally quite firm, and in the case of Sugars as well as Molasses, an improvement in prices is discernible....Provisions have attracted considerable attention; they close firmly at advancing prices....The Dry Goods Trade exhibits more animation at generally steady prices.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, which were less abundant, and were in pretty good request....Milch Cows were scarce and quiet.... Veal Calves were brisker and dearer.... Sheep and Lambs more plenty and were heavy....Swine were abundant and depressed.

The Country Produce Markets have exhibited considerable activity. Potatoes are more plenty, and are cheaper. Other articles tend downward.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Grapes, per pound	$ 30	@	$ 62
Plums, per basket	3 00	@	—
Currants, per pound	4	@	7
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	6 00	@	8 00
Blackberries, per bushel	2 50	@	3 50
" New Rochelle, per quart.	25	@	—
Huckleberries, per bushel	2 50	@	3 50
Apples, new, per barrel	1 00	@	2 00
Peaches, per basket	75	@	2 00
String Beans, per bushel	—	@	50
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 50	@	2 25
Onions, new, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
" " per 100 strings	3 50	@	4 00
New Carrots, per 100 bunches	2 25	@	2 75
Cabbage, new, per 100	2 00	@	7 00
Squashes, per bushel	62	@	75
Green Corn, per 100 ears	50	@	1 00
Watermelons, per 100	30 00	@	50 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	2 50	@	—
Tomatoes, per bushel	1 50	@	1 75
Cucumbers, per 100	37	@	50
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	14½	@	15½
Eggs, Western, per dozen	14	@	—
Chickens, per pair	37	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Woodcock, per dozen	3 50	@	4 25
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	1 00	@	1 50
Snipe, Ox-eyes, per dozen	25	@	50
Plover, per dozen	2 00	@	—

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Illustrated by Six Engravings.
MARK WILTON'S WIFE.
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IN THE AUTUMN.
OUR HUSBANDS.
THE LOST ROOM.
MEMOIRS OF GENERALS LEE, GATES, STAPHEN, AND DARKE.
THE IDENTIFICATION.
THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Bad News from Tunbridge.—A Fainting Fit.—Four Head-Pieces.
CHAPTER XXXVII. In which various Matches are fought.
CHAPTER XXXVIII. Sampson and the Philistines.
CHAPTER XXXIX. Harry to the Rescue.
CHAPTER XL. In which Harry pays off an old Debt, and incurs some new ones.
MUNCHAUSEN REDIVIVUS.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES. Books of the Month.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
A NEW SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—A Stave.—A Bar.—A Double Bar.—A High Note.—A Low Note.—A Shake.—A Slide.—A Sharp.—A Flat.—A Natural Consequence.—Andante.—Allegro.
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